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A CHOICE SELECTION

OF

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS

FOR THE USE OF

THE BAPTIST CHURCH

AND ALL LOVERS OF SONG

By

ELDER E. D. THOMAS

Ps. 104. "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live."

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HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

PRAISES TO GOD.

1 L. M. *Bedlome*

1 Wait, O my soul, the Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still,
Nor let a murmuring thought arise,
His ways are just, His counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs His work, the cause conceals;
But tho' His methods are unknown,
Justice and truth supports his throne.

3 In heaven and earth and air and seas,
He executes His firm decrees;
And by His saints it stands confest
That what He does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before His awful seat.
And, 'midst the terrors of His rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

2 S. M. *Watts.*

1 Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 Come worship at His throne,
Come bow before the Lord;
We are His work, and not our own—
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

3 C. M. *Barlow*

1 Awake my soul to sound His praise,
Awake my harp to sing.
Join all my powers the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there His name resound.

3 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world Thy name.

4 So shall Thy chosen rejoice,
And throng Thy courts above,
While sinners hear thy pardoning voice
And taste redeeming love.

4 L. M.

1 Awake my tongue, the tribute bring,
To Him who gave the power to sing,
Praise Him who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast His knowledge! how profound.
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned;
The stars He numbers—and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 But in redemption, O what grace!
Its wonders, O what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright—
Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.

5 C. M. *Cowper.*

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

6 C. M. *Judson.*

1 Our Father God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be Thy name;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread,
And as we those forgive,
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evils set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power
And glory, ever be.

7 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Let others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to Thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame—
The God that built us first;
Salvation to the Almighty name,
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our tongues
Our Maker we'll adore.
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

8 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Great God, how infinite art Thou;
What worthless worms are we;
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie,
To Thine immense survey;
From the formation of the skies
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God, there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While Thine eternal thoughts move on.
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art Thou;
What worthless worms are we;
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to Thee.

9 S. M. *Watts*

1 My God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I can not live if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all.

2 The smilings of Thy face
How amiable they are;
'Tis heaven to rest in Thy embrace,
And no where else but there.

3 To Thee, and Thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around Thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

4 Nor earth nor all the skies
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

6 To Thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from Thee I lie,
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

10 C. M. *Watts.*

1 My God, my portion and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but Thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joy,
There's nothing like my God.

3 To Thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode;
Thanks to Thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to Thee;
Or what's my safety or my health
Or all my friends to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without Thy graces and Thyself
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

THE FALL.

11. C. M. *Watts.*

1 Blessed with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debased his soul to sense,
And ate the unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns,
  Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chains,
  And so forget the load.

4 Great God, renew our ruin'd frame,
  Our broken powers restore,
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
  And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit, write Thy law
  Upon our inward parts;
And let the second Adam draw
  His image on our hearts.

12 C. M. *Watts.*

1 I hate the tempter and his charms,
  I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
  To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
  Or kills with slavish fear,
And holds us still in wide extremes,
  Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades "how easy 'tis,
  "To walk the road to heaven;"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
  "They can not be forgiven."

4 He bids young sinners "Yet forbear
"To think of God or death;
For prayer and devotion are,
But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged "They must die!
And 'tis too late to pray.
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have lost their day."

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit;
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his power,
Let him in darkness dwell,
And then he'll vex the earth no more:
Confine him down to hell.

13 C. M. *Watts.*

1 In Adam's loins, by sin we fell,
And walk'd destruction's road,
Without a will or power to turn
To happiness and God.

2 But God devised the means to bring
His banish'd children home;
And Christ fulfill'd the wondrous plan
By His own death alone.

3 The spirit brings his exiles back,
As trophies of his love,
And plants within them holy fear,
No more from God to rove.

4 Ye saints proclaim Jehovah's praise
And shout his honors high;
His grace shall be your lasting theme,
When time itself shall die.

14 L. M. *Watts*

1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross
If she would gain the heavenly land.

4 The hypocrite who tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And finds his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain—
Which false apostates never knew.

15 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Sin has a thousand treacherous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young,
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretense;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree, divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all our blood.

16 L. M. *Watts.*

1 Let the wild leopard of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives,
Then may the wicked turn to God
And change their tempers and their lives

2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness from their skin;
The dead as well may leave their graves
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control;
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

4 Great God, I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

THE SCRIPTURES.

17 S. M. *Beddome.*

1 O, Lord! thy perfect word
Direct our steps aright;
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit or delight.

2 Celestial light it sheds
To cheer this vale below;
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.

3 True wisdom it imparts,
Commands our hope and fear;
O, may it dwell within our hearts,
And shed its influence there.

18 C. M. *Watts.*

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clear bright light
Of an eternal day.

19 C. M. *Cowper.*

1 What glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic like the sun.
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The Power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truth upon the nations rise;
They rise but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display;
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

20 C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 Ye little flock whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares.
Look to the Shepherd of your souls
And smile away your tears.

2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defense;
'Mid sands and rocks your shepherd's voice
Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in His sight.

21 L. M. *Watts.*

1 The law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do His will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been.
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce
  Against the man that fails but once?
But in the gospel Christ appears,
  Pard'ning the guilt of numerous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
  Thy life and comfort from the law.
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
  The man that trusts the promise lives.

22 C. M.

1 Lord, how secure my conscience was,
  And felt no inward dread;
I was alive without the law,
  And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,
  But since the precept came,
With a convincing power and light,
  I find how vile I am.

3 I'm like a helpless captive sold
  Under the power of sin;
I can not do the good I would,
  Nor keep my conscience clean.

4 My God, I cry with every breath
  For some kind power to save;
To break the yoke of sin and death,
  And thus redeem the slave.

23 C. M. *Cowper.*

1 No strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has she misapplies
For want of clearer light.

2 How long beneath the law I lay,
In bondage and distress;
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.

3 Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too.

4 Then all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose His ways.

5 "What shall I do?" was then the word;
"That I may worthier grow?"
"What shall I render to the Lord?"
Is my inquiry now.

6 To see the law by Christ fulfilled,
And hear His pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

24 C. M. *Kent.*

1 When from the precepts to the cross
The humble sinner turns,
His brightest deeds he counts but dross,
And o'er his vileness mourns.

2 God, on the table of his heart.
Inscribes his love and fear;
He loves the law in every part,
But takes no refuge there.

3 Thus gospel, law, and justice, too,
Conspire to set him free:
Reflect, my soul, admire and view
What God hath done for thee.

25 L. M.

1 O, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of His son
And call the joys of heaven our own.

2 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

3 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And His own court His power sustains.

GOSPEL.

26 S. M.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Savior King—
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound
Which kings and prophets fear,
And sought but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

27 S. M. *Newton.*

1 Hungry and faint and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at Thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed,
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give;
O, hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

28 L. M. *Watts.*

1 Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners come,
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me.
I'm of a meek and lowly mind,
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at Thy command,
With faith and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to Thy hand,
To mould and guide us at Thy will.

29 C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 Salvation! O, melodious sound,
To wretched, dying men;
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns.

3 But may a poor, bewildered soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine.

4 The luster of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

5 My Savior God, no voice but Thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak Thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

30 C. M.

1 Lord, when I count Thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore,
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of Thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands,
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O, may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with Thee.

31 C. M. *C. Wesley.*

1 O, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ear,
'Tis life, and health and peace.

3 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean—
His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New joy the poor receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble soul believes.

5 Hear Him ye deaf His praise ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye lost, behold your Savior come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

32 C. M. *Newton.*

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name, the rock on which I buil .
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

6 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest and king,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

33 C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 Do not I love Thee, O, my Lord?
Behold my heart and see,
And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival Thee.

2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy
When Jesus can not move.

3 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Savior's voice to hear?

4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute Thy sacred will,
And make Thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of Thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

7 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord,
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

34 S. M. *Newton.*

1 Behold a sinner, dearest Lord,
Encouraged by Thy gracious word,
Would venture near to seek that bread
By which Thy children here are fed.

2 Do not the humble suit deny
Of such a guilty wretch as I,
But let me feed on crumbs, tho' small,
Which from Thy bounteous table fall.

3 I am a sinner, Lord, I own,
By sin and guilt I am undone;
Yet will I wait and plead and pray,
Since none are empty sent away.

35 C. M.

1 Grace, how exceeding sweet to those
Who feel they sinners are!
Sunk and distress'd they taste and know
Their heaven is only there.

2 Rich grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,
Directly come who will;
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor, helpless sinners still.

3 'Tis grace each day that feeds our sou
Grace keeps us inly poor,
And O, that nothing else but grace
May rule for evermore.

36 S. M.

1 Ye messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where He leads.
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on His promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
In spite of all His foes.

4 Go spread a Savior's fame,
And tell His matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam s numerc s race.

5 We wish you, in His name,
The most divine success;
Assured that He who sends you forth
Will your endeav bless.

87 C. M.

1 Go, and the Savior's grace proclaim
Ye messengers of God;
Go publish in Immanuel's name
Salvation through His blood.

2 What though your ardent track may lie
Through regions dark as death;
What though your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path.

3 Yet with determined courage go,
And armed with power divine,
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.

4 He who has called you to the war
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering car,
Mountains shall sink to plains.

5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause,
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes
Shall bow before His cross.

38 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 Yes, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By His word in every land.
When He chooses,
Darkness flies at His command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season,
Let us hail the rising ray;
When the Lord appears there's reason
To expect a glorious day.
At His presence
Gloom and darkness fly away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Savior is preparing
Means to spread His truth abroad.
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

4 O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear each day
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wings its way,
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay.

5 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let Thy people see Thy hand;
Let Thy gospel be victorious,
Through the world in every land.
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at Thy command.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

39 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys,
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And thine to us so great.

5 Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

40 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come,
And thy soft wings, celestial dove,
Will safe convey me home.

41 S. M. *Devies*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light and joy dispense,
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 Melt, melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue,
Each evil passion overcome,
My inward powers renew.

4 Mine will the profit be,
  But Thine shall be the praise,
And unto Thee I will devote
  The remnant of my days.

42 S. M. *Hart.*

1 Come, gracious Spirit, now,
  Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our mind
  The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin,
  Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering eyes reveal
  The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
  Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our hearts the flame
  Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
  To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part
  And new create the whole.

43 C. M. *Watts.*

1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
  Unconscious of its load;
The heart unchanged can never rise
  To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis Thine, Eternal Spirit, Thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis Thine the passions to recall,
And bid them upward rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 To chase the shades of death away
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis Thine alone to give.

5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

44 C. M. *Cowper.*

1 O, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed;
How sweet their memory still;
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return;
Sweet messenger of rest,
I hate the sins that cause my mourn,
And so disturb my rest.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
O come and tear it from Thy throne;
I'll worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God;
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

45 C. M. *Hart.*

1 Once more we come before our God,
Once more His blessing ask;
O, may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, Thy quickening spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek Thee, all our hearts dispose;
To each Thy blessings suit;
And let the seed Thy servant sows
Produce a copious fruit.

5 Bid the refreshing North wind, wake;
Say to the South wind, blow;
Let every plant the power partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heavenly show'rs
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory Thine.

46 C. M. *Kent.*

1 In Christ, the Rock, let those who dwell,
Prepare a song to raise,
For who like sinners saved from hell,
Should sing the Savior's praise.

2 When storms and death the world infest,
And sin the nations drown,
How shall the weary sinner rest
When worlds are tumbling down?

3 What heavenly prospects feast the eyes
When gazing from those hills;
While scenes of endless bliss arise,
And joy the bosom fills?

4 Here they can see the pearly gates
Of Zion's city fair,
Where blissful thrones and mansions wait
Their safe arrival there.

5 Then shout, ye saints whose weary feet
On this bright summit stand,
To sing the Savior's praise 'tis meet,
You see the promised land.

6 Hither your souls shall surely rest,
The promise firm shall prove,
Till you recline on Jesus' breast,
And chant eternal love.

47 C. M. *Watts*

1 Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of men, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes
And praise employs our breath.

48 C. M. *Beddome.*

1 The blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul enlivening breeze.

2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.

3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and fear remove,
And brings us home to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul
With light, and life, and joy;
None can Thy mighty power control,
Or shall Thy work destroy.

49 S. M.

1 Blest Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saints rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By Thine inspiring breath,
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O, fill Thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter to us impart
The blessings of Thy grace.

50 L. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each earthly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O, kindle now the sacred flame,
And make me burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Savior see;
O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

51 L. M. *Beddome.*

1 Come, Thou Eternal Spirit, come
From heaven, Thy glorious dwelling-place;
O, make my sinful heart my home,
And consecrate it by Thy grace.

2 Then fix, O Lord, Thy blest abode,
And drive Thy foes forever thence;
There shed a Savior's love abroad,
And light, and life, and joy dispense.

3 My wants supply, my fears suppress;
Direct my way and hold me up;
Teach me in times of deep distress
To pray in faith and wait in hope.

TRUST IN GOD.

52 S. M. *Watts.*

1 To God the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis His almighty love,
His council and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

53 L. M. *Newton.*

1 Why, O my soul, these anxious cares?
Why thus cast down with doubts and fears?
How canst thou want, if God provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

2 When first before His mercy seat,
Thou didst to Him thy all commit,
He gave the warrant from that hour,
To trust His wisdom, love and power.

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise past
That thou shalt overcome at last?

4 He who has help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise.

54 S. M. *Kent.*

1 What cheering words are these?
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 In ev'ry state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow,
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

4 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love,
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

5 'Tis well when at His throne
They wrestle, weep and pray;
'Tis well when at His feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

55 L. M. *Doddridge.*

1 Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Savior divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Christ, the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live and joyful die;
Secure when mortal comforts flee,
To find a thousand worlds in Thee.

56 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Firm as the earth Thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The weakest of His sheep;
All whom His heavenly Father gave
His hands shall surely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from His breast;
Within the bosom of His love
They shall forever rest.

57 C. M.

1 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly objects fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford,
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Since I have seen the Lord.

3 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fixed my roving heart.

4 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,
And wholly live to Thee,
But may I hope that Thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me.

5 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst
I can not doubt Thy will,
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused Thee still.

58 L. M. *Fawcett.*

1 Thus far my God hath led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let Thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils Thy people know
While in the wilderness of woe?

6 'Tis even so: thy faithful love
Doth all Thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in All.

59 C. M. *Medley.*

1 Now in Thy praise, Eternal King,
Be all my thoughts employed;
While of this precious truth I sing,
"Cast down but not destroyed."

2 Oft the united powers of hell
My soul have sore annoyed;
And yet I live, this truth to tell,
"Cast down but not destroyed."

3 In all the paths thro' which I've pass'd,
What mercies I've enjoyed,
And this shall be my song at last,
"Cast down but not destroyed."

4 When I with God in heav'n appear,
There shall I Him adore;
Destroyed shall be my sin and fear,
And I cast down no more.

60 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspired their breast);
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our Glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the sure path to heaven.

61 C. M. *Newton.*

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea—
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O, Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By satan sorely pressed,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding place,
That sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accusers face,
And tell them "Christ has died."

5 O, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor, tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks, I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

62 S. M

1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For His redeeming grace.

2 Preserved by power divine,
To see salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in His sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fighting without and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by His love!
And still He doth His help afford
And hide our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of His redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we shall sin no more.

6 Let us take up the cross
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we but Jesus gain.

63 S. M. *Toplady.*

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of Christ, our Lord,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace shall to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that He shed His blood,
But each shall say "for me."

5 Tarry his leisure, then,
Wait the appointed hour;
Wait till the bridegroom of your soul
Reveals His love with power.

6 Blest is the man, O, God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

64 C. M.

1 Dear Lord! why should I doubt Thy love,
Or disbelieve Thy grace?
Sure Thy compassion ne'er remove,
Although Thou hide Thy face.

2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain,
My drooping spirits cheer'd;
And wilt Thou not appear again
Where Thou hast once appear'd?

3 Hast Thou not formed my heart anew,
And told me I am Thine?
And wilt Thou now Thy work undo,
Or break Thy word divine?

4 Dost Thou repent? wilt Thou deny
The gift Thou hast bestowed?
Or are those streams of mercy dry
Which once so freely flowed.

5 Lord, let not groundless fears destroy
The mercies now possessed;
I'll praise for blessings I enjoy,
And trust for all the rest.

65 C. M. *Watts.*

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comforts of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And tells me I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe.
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conquerer through.

66 C. M. *Watts*

1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Jesus die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ, the mighty Savior died,
For man, the Creature's sin.

3 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears,

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

L. M.

67 *Watts.*

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bounds,
So let Thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce the just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hopes still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

68 C. M. *Watts.*

1 To heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord who built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends their humble call,
His eye can never sleep.

3 Israel, rejoice and rest secure;
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ His power,
For thine eternal guard.

4 He guards thy soul, He keeps thy breath.
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God shall call thee home.

69 C. M.

1 No change of time shall ever shock
My trust, O Lord, in Thee;
For Thou hast always been my rock,
A sure defense to me.

2 Thou our deliverer art, O God,
Our trust is in Thy power;
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
Our safeguard and our tower.

3 To Thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe;
O may we by Thy watchful care
Be saved from every foe.

4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend;
For none except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend.

70 C. M. *Addison.*

1 When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed;
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ.
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

71 C. M.

1 Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I'll tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine,
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust,
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O, may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

72 7s. *Turin.*

1 Ye, who in His courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin and care,
Glorify the King of Kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View this bleeding sacrifice;
See in Him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of Kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

73 C. M.

1 Long have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord,
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there.

3 Great God! Thy sovereign power impart,
To give Thy word success;
Write Thy salvation in each heart
And make us learn Thy grace.

Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

74 C. M. *Beddome.*

1 My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from Thee,
And go at Thy command.

2 If Thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me
They were entirely Thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In Thee, and Thee alone.

4 What is the world with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter-sweet;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A piercing thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found—
The honey's mixed with gall;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be Thou my all in all.

75 L. M.

1 Where is my God; does He retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs:
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 No Lord, the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
But reaches Thy all gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the Great Redeemer stands;
The Glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in His hands.

4 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on Him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

5 Teach my weak heart, O, gracious Lor
With stronger faith to call Thee mine.
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

76 S. M.

1 I would, but can not sing,
I would, but can not pray,
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavor oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent
Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would, but can not love,
Though moved by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but can not rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what He appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe,
Then all would easy be;
I would, but can not, Lord, relieve—
My help must come from Thee.

6 But if indeed I would,
Though I can nothing do,
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
Till Thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will
As now I am of power.

8 Wilt Thou not crown at length
The work Thou hast begun,
And with a will afford me strength
In all Thy ways to run?

BAPTISM.

77 L. M.

1 Go teach the nations and baptize,
Aloud the ascending Jesus cries.
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preached their Lord.

2 Commissioned thus by Zion's King,
We to the water humbly bring
These happy converts who have known
And trusted in His grace alone.

3 When in Thy house they seek Thy face,
O, bless them with peculiar grace!
Refresh their souls with love divine;
Let beams of mercy round them shine.

78 L. M. *Daniel*

1 What lovely band is this I see,
All singing in sweet harmony,
United round the water side,
And praising Jesus crucified?

2 These are the followers of the Lamb;
Here they are come to own His name;
Their humble st ains ascend the skies,
In faith they're come to be baptized.

3 This brings to view the ancient days,
When first the gospel church was raised,
No other mode was then devised—
Believing souls were thus baptized:

4 Baptized into the Savior's death,
Arising lived the life of faith;
Giving to Christ, the Lord, the praise,
By walking in His humble ways.

79 L. M. *Leland.*

1 Come saints and sinners, now behold,
How Jesus was baptized of old;
Like Him we now despise the shame
To be baptized in His dear name.

2 We here are come the world to tell
How Jesus saved our souls from hell;
And shall we not His lov proclaim,
And be baptized in His dear name?

3 The Savior's grave before us lies,
From whence He did triumphant rise;
We cheerful venture through the same,
And rise baptized in His dear name.

4 Then would our grateful hearts express
His ways are ways of pleasantness;
Our souls would feel a joyful frame.
And live baptized in His dear name.

5 Come ye that love the Lord and say
We will no longer disobey;
If love divine your souls inflame,
Come, be baptized in Jesus' name.

80 C M.

1 Buried in Jordan was our Lord,
As well as in the tomb;
And in obedience to His word,
We imitate the Lamb.

2 This ordinance is plainly given,
'Tis left upon record,
Though not to save or take to heaven,
But shows we love the Lord.

81 8s. 7s. *Fawcett*

1 Humble souls who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
Flee to Him, your only Savior,
In His mighty name confide,
In the whole of your behavior
Own Him as your sovereign guide.

2 Hear the blessed Redeemer calls you,
Listen to His gracious voice,
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make His ways your choice;
Jesus says, "let each believer
Be baptized in my name;"
He Himself, in Jordan's river,
Was immersed beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here His footsteps tracing,
Follow Him without delay,
Gladly His command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way.
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies,
Be interred at His commanding,
After His example rise.

82 L. M.

1 Apostles trod this holy ground,
This is the road believers go;
My Jesus in this way was found,
I charge my soul to tread it too.

83 7s. *Leland.*

1 Christians, if your hearts be warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you are prized,
Rise, believe, and be baptized.

2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
Bore the curse to mortals due;
Children, prove your love to Him,
Never fear the frozen stream.

3 Never shun the Savior's cross;
All on earth is worthless dross;
If the Savior's love you feel,
Let the world behold your zeal.

4 Fire is good to warm the soul,
Water purifies the foul;
Fire and water both agree,
Winter soldiers never flee.

84 L. M. *Rippon*

1 Come ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come and obey His sacred word;
He died and rose again for you,
What more could the Redeemer do?

2 We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Savior's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path He trod before.

3 Eternal Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move,
That, rising from the watery tomb,
Our souls may go rejoicing home.

85 L. M.

1 In Thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to Thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And the sweet voice invites us through

2 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite and be denied;
Was not the Lord who came to save,
Interred in such a liquid grave?

3 Thus we, dear Savior, own Thy name,
Receive us rising from the stream;
Then to Thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

86 L. M.

1 Jesus we come at Thy command,
Now on the water's brink we stand,
Ready to walk into the wave,
A lively emblem of the grave.

2 Let neither shame, nor fear, nor pride,
Divert our steady feet aside;
'Tis by appointment in Thy name
We venture down into the stream.

3 Lord of the universe, look down
And make Thy great salvation known;
Teach every sinner to obey,
And follow Jesus in "the way."

87 L. M

1 When we baptize we see the mode
In honor'd Jordan's swelling flood;
We're deaf to vain tradition's voice,
The way Christ chose becomes our choice.

2 Down in the stream they both descend,
And John baptized the sinner's friend.
Out of the water straightway came
The church's Head, the obedient Lamb.

3 The baptist saw the heavenly dove
Descend from op'ning heavens above
And now the Father's voice is heard
Approving the incarnate Word:

4 "This is my well beloved Son,
Well pleased am I with what he's done;
In all things he My will obeys,
Then hear and trust what'er he says.

5 Now, ye believing souls, regard
Th' example of our dearest Lord;
Walk in His honored paths and prove
How much your souls His precepts love.

88 L. M.

1 What'er to Thee, our Lord, belongs
Is always worthy of our songs;
And all Thy works and all Thy ways,
Demand our wonder and our praise.

2 Amazing grace! and shall I still
Prove disobedient to Thy will?
Ah, no! dear Lord, the watery tomb
Belongs to Thee, and there I come.

89 C. P. M.

1 Salem's bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient times to Jordan came
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do His Master's will.

2 The holy Jesus did demand
His right to be baptized then;
The Baptist gave consent.
On Jordan's banks they did appear,
The Baptist and his Master dear,
Then down the bank they went.

3 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream
The Baptist led the Holy Lamb,
And there did Him baptize.
Jehovah saw His darling Son,
And was well pleased in what He'd done,
And owned Him from the skies.

4 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise.
See, here is water, here is room,
A loving Savior calling, come,
O, children, be baptized.

5 Behold His servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the Bride.
While candidates are waiting there,
Come let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water side.

90 *Francis*

1 Jesus and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus, sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star.
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus, just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon!
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross, the shame despise,
Dare to defend His noble cause,
And yield obedience to His laws.

THE CHURCH.

91 L. M. *Watts.*

1 Happy the church, thou sacred place
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are His abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gate
A guard of heavenly warriors wait.
Nor shall thy deep foundation move
Fixed on His counsel and His love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against His throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves in vain they roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let us still in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell.
His arms embrace the happy ground
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun,
Swift as the fleeting moments run;
On us He sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect His brightest praise.

92 C. M. *C. Wesley.*

1 Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone,
Walking in all His ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne,
We in the kingdom of Thy grace—
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise,
And he that in Thy statute treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

93 S. M.

1 Let party names no more
The christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

94 S. M. *Watts.*

1 How honored is the place
Where we adoring stand;
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell,
While walls of strong salvation made
Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in your God, ye saints,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as His years.

95 C. M.

1 Blest Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on Thee,
My Savior and my God.

2 On Thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to Thy seat,
Till love dissolves my inmost soul
At my Redeemer's feet.

3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to every sin;
And tell the boldest foe without
That Jesus reigns within.

96 S. M. *Dwight.*

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode;
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God,
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given
Till cares and toils shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou friend divine,
Our Savior and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield
And brighter bliss of heaven.

97 S. M. *Watts.*

1 Great is the Lord our God—
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shown
Through all her palaces.

3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told—
Our eyes have often seen—
How well our God secures the fold
Where His own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

98 L. M. *Stennett.*

1 Where two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount His acts of grace
And offer solemn prayer and praise,

2 "There," says the Savior, "will I be
Amid this little company;
To them unveil My smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place"

3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on Thy faithful word;
Now send Thy spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

99 C. M.

1 O, happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by His word—
His arm supports them well.

2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near,
And when they plead His love and power
He stands engaged to hear.

3 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from Him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

4 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find Thee near,
And own us still for Thine.

5 Let us enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of Thy love,
Till Thou shalt bid our spirits rise
To dwell with Thee above.

100 8s, 7s.

1 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to His word.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let His friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread His fame.

3 May His kingdom be promoted,
May the world the Savior know,
Be my all to Him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

101 C. M. *Swain.*

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill the Word.

2 O, may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrow flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

102 S. M.

1 I love the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk in paths of righteousness
And fly from every sin.

2 They will my faults reprove
When heedlessly I err;
How do I prize their faithful love,
Their kind and tender care.

3 They Jesus' image bear;
How lovely is the sight;
They shall at length with Him appear
In everlasting light.

4 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do His will;
They humbly follow Christ, the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.

5 Their footsteps I'll pursue
With vigor till I die,
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.

6 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here,
But how divine will be the joy
To see each other there.

103 S. M. *Fawcett.*

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our mutual prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

104 L. M. *Watts*

1 God in His earthly temple lays
Foundations for His heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay to Him their daily vows,
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up His last account
Of nations in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new-born and nourished there!

105 C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 Enquire, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face
With a determin'd will.

2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join,
And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.

3 O, come, and to His temple haste,
And seek His favor there;
Before His footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer.

106 L. M.

1 Triumphant Zion, lift thy head,
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known.
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruin shall repair,
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

107 7s.

1 "Give us room that we may dwell,"
Zion's children cry aloud!
See their numbers—how they swell!
How they gather like a cloud.

2 O, how bright the morning seems—
Brighter from so dark a night;
Zion is like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight.

3 Lo! thy sun goes down no more,
God himself will be thy light;
All that caused thee grief before,
Buried lies, in endless night.

1 Zion, now arise and shine;
Lo! thy light from heaven is come!
These that crowd from far are thine;
Give thy sons and daughters room.

108 C. M.

1 Arise, O King of Grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest!
Lo! Thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy Word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept Thy vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill the poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain
With love and power divine.

109 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Behold the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribes and priests,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis Thy own work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

110 L. M. *Watts*

1 Thou whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that Rock
That from the sun defends the flock?
Fain would I feed among the sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should Thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

4 The footsteps of Thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures, here they be -
A wondrous feast Thy love prepares,
Bought with Thy wounds, and groans,
and tears.

5 His dearest flesh He makes my food,
And bids me drink His richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.

111 L. M. *Watts.*

1 Who is this fair one in distress
That travels from the wilderness,
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans?

2 This is the spouse of Christ, our God,
Bought with the treasure of His blood;
And her request and her complaint
Is but the voice of every saint.

3 O, let my name engraven stand
Both on Thy heart and on Thy hand;
Seal me upon Thine arm, and wear
That pledge of love forever there.

4 Stronger than death Thy love is known,
Which floods of wrath could never drown
And hell and earth in vain combine
To quench a fire so much divine.

5 "But I am jealous of my heart,
Lest it should once from Thee depart;
Then let Thy name be well impress'd
As a fair signet on my breast.'

6 Till Thou hast brought me to Thy home,
Where fears and doubts can never come;
Thy countenance let me often see,
And often Thou shalt hear from me.

112 L. M.

1 High on a hill of dazzling light
The King of Glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight,
Stood waiting round His awful feet.

2 "Go," saith the Lord, "My Gabriel, go;
"Salute the virgin's fruitful womb;
"Make haste, ye cherubs, down below
"Sing and proclaim the Savior's come."

3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heavenly soldier flies
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

4 Thy winged troops, O God of Hosts,
Wait on Thy wandering church below;
Here we are sailing to Thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy, too.

5 Are they not all Thy servants, Lord?
At Thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haste obey Thy word,
And guard Thy children to their home.

113 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Lo! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
The bonds of purity!

2 Where streams of love from Christ, the Spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's priestly head,
The trickling drops perfumed his feet
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God His mildest glory shows,
And makes His grace distill.

114 7s. *Newton.*

1 Not to Sinai's dreadful blaze,
But to Zion's throne of grace,
By a way marked out with blood,
Sinners now approach to God.

2 Not to hear the fiery law,
But with humble joy to draw
Waters by that well supplied,
Jesus open'd when he died.

3 Lord, there are no streams but Thine
Can assauge a thirst like mine!
'Tis a thirst Thyself didst give,
Let me, therefore, drink and live!

115 L. M. *Watts*

1 Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by Thy hand;
Let me within Thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow Thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with Thy influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive),
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just and true;
None that attend His gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

116 C. M. *Haskins.*

1 In Thy great name, O, Lord, we come,
To worship at Thy feet;
O, pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Savior's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand Thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners, Lord, Thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in Thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Savior flee.

5 This house with grace and glory fill,
This congregation bless;
Thy great salvation now reveal,
Thy glorious righteousness.

117 *Needham.*

1 Lord, in Thy courts we now appear,
And bow before Thy throne;
Before our lips begin to move,
Our wants to Thee are known.

2 Thou know'st the language of the heart,
The meaning of a sigh;
Dear Father, hear our humble prayer,
And bring Thy blessings nigh.

3 Few be our words, and short our prayers
While we together meet;
Short duties keep religion up,
And make devotion sweet.

118 S. M. *Swain.*

1 Who can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King,
His saving power displays?

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall?
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all?

3 Who can forbear to praise
Our high celestial King,
When sovereign, rich redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing?

119 C. M. *Watts.*

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face,

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And, while His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Savior reigns

120 7s 6s. *Vanmeter*

1 Behold the mount of Zion,
The City of our God!
The beauty of creation,
And place of His abode.

Christ is the great foundation
On which the building stands;
He reared for His own glory
This temple, without hands.

2 Through everlasting ages
This house shall stand secure;
The Lord for it engages
His wisdom, love and power;
Nor shall the hosts of Satan
Against it e'er prevail,
Though kingdoms be demolished,
And heaven and earth should fail.

3 The Rock on which it's founded
Will last without decay;
With walls it is surrounded,
Which guard it every way.
Each stone is wisely polished;
And fitted to its place;
And all are well cemented
With God's redeeming grace.

4 Nor storms nor persecutions
Shall ever beat it down;
Nor floods of tribulation
Shall move a single stone.
With Christ they all shall triumph
O'er sin and death and hell,
And with Him in His glory
They shall forever dwell.

121 L. M. *Kent.*

1 Zion's a city God hath blest
With peace and everlasting rest;
A glorious city, strong and fair;
Jehovah dwells forever there.

2 Her ancient walls appear to be
The workmanship of Deity;
Founded in grace they still appear
Without a flaw or chasm there.

3 Oft has the city's strength been tried
By desperate foes on every side;
But all in vain the attempts have been—
She baffles all the assaults of sin.

4 Count ye her towers, how high they rise;
Her golden spires, they pierce the skies;
Her golden streets are fair to view,
Her palaces and bulwarks, too.

5 Then round her walk, her turrets tell—
Mark all her brazen bulwarks well;
Spread far and wide her deathless fame,
Her pearly gates and walls of flame.

6 Her Founder's love has ever proved
Like Salem's mounts, which ne'er was moved;
'Tis fixed on this eternal base,
The grace of God and gift by grace.

122 L. M. *Watts.*

1 We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little spot enclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God, the Father's hand;
And all His springs in Zion flow
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake! O heavenly Wind, and come
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Savior—God;
And faith, and love, and joy appear.
And every grace be active here.

123 S. M. *Watts*

1 Far as Thy name is known
The world declares Thy praise;
Thy saints, O, Lord, before Thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy Thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand
And councils of Thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Survey with care Thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.

4 The order of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

124 C. M. *C. Wesley.*

1 Come, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him;
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream—of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come;
And soon expect to die.

6 O, Savior, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

125 C. M. *Watts.*

1 As new-born babes desire the breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

2 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they desire a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

3 O, happy souls! O, glorious state
Of overflowing grace;
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see His lovely face.

4 Lord, I address Thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of Thine;
Send down the spirit of Thy Son
To form my heart divine.

5 Then shed Thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father, God,"
With an unwavering tongue.

126 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sands,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink, or die.

3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power,
Through all Thy Temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision, so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when Thy richer grace I taste,
And in Thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

127 C. M. *Steele*

1 Come ye that love the Savior's name
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

2 When in His earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

3 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise;
Thy love can raise our humble strain
And bid it reach the skies.

4 O, happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise
With all their powers their raptured lay,
To celebrate Thy praise.

128 S. M.

1 How sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer.

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs
And sends His blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light;
Once on the chilly mount did stay,
And wrestled all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends His blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make His people one.

THE SUPPER.

129 L. M.

1 The broken bread, the blessed cup,
From which we now are called to sup,
Without Thy help and grace divine
Will prove no more than bread and wine.

2 But come, Great Master of the feast,
Dispense Thy grace to every guest;
Direct our views to Calvary,
And help us to remember Thee.

3 Let us with light and truth be blest,
That on Thy bosom we may rest;
And at Thy supper each may learn
Thy broken body to discern.

130 L. M.

1 Pity a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe Thy gracious word;
But own my heart, with shame and grief,
A sink of sin and unbelief.

2 Lord, in Thy house I read there's room,
And, venturing hard, behold I come;
But can there, tell me, can there be
Among Thy children, room for me?

3 For sinners, Lord, Thou camest to bleed,
And I'm a sinner, vile indeed!
Lord, I believe Thy grace is free;
Oh, magnify that grace in me.

131 C. M.

1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That gently drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O, our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

C. M.

132 *Watts.*

1 Father, we wait to feel Thy grace
To see Thy glories shine;
The Lord will His own table bless,
And make the feast divine.

2 We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,
We drink the sacred cup;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope,

3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dressed in the garments of His Son,
And sprinkled with His blood.

4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace—
He bought a large supply.

5 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast;
We love the memory of his name
More than the wine we taste.

133 L. M. *Watts.*

1 The Lord of life His table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We from the rich provisions feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God!

2 May sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and His love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on Him.

134 C M. *Doddridge.*

1 The King of Heaven His table spreads,
His dainties crown the board;
Not paradise with all its joys
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor that long have strayed
Through sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet in this house and heart so large
That millions more may come,
Nor could the whole assembled church
Ere fill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast
And bless the founder's name.

135 C. M. *Stennett.*

1 Here at Thy table, Lord, we meet
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares the rich repast
Himself comes down and dies!
And then invites us there to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flows;
O, what delightful food!
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

4 The bitter torments he endured
Upon the shameful tree,
Each welcome guest may truly say,
Were borne from love to me,

5 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Savior, so divine;
Well Thou mayst claim that heart of me
Which owes so much to thine.

136 C. M. *Stennett.*

1 Lord, at Thy table I behold
The wonders of Thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 I, that was all defiled in sin,
A rebel to my God;
I, that have crucified His Son,
And trampled on His blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Savior takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 Eat, O, my friends, the Savior cries,
The feast was made for you—
For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
And rose and triumphed, too.

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept Thy love,
'Tis a rich banquet we have had:
What will it be above?

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Savior is like ours.

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to Thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join their harmony.

137 C. M. *Steele.*

1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come!
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at His feet.

4 In Him the church is reconciled,
And saints to Him may come—
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

5 O, come, and with His children taste
The blessings of His love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There with united heart and voice,
Before the Eternal Throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

138 C. M.

1 Sitting around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds our living Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, Thy shameful cross
Assure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from Thy loss,
Our healing from Thy wounds.

4 Oh, 'tis impossible that we
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for Thee,
Our equal thanks repay.

139 S. M.

1 Jesus invites his saints
To meet around His board.
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their God.

2 For food, He gives His flesh;
He bids us drink His blood:
Amazing favor—matchless grace
Of our descending God.

3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Let joy and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

140 L. M. *Watts.*

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

141 L. M. *Watts.*

1 He dies, the Friend of sinners dies—
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath your load,
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richest blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree—
The Prince of Glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising King forsakes His tomb,
Up to His Father's court He flies;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains.

6 Say, "Live forever, wond'rous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save,"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And "where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

142 C. M. *Watts.*

1 How happy is the christian's state!
His sins are all forgiv'n;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hope to heav'n.

2 Though in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Delivering grace is nigh.

3 If to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels His chast'ning rod;
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day.

143 L. M. *Beddome.*

1 My rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires,
With steady steps would tread the road
That leads to heav'n—that leads to God.

2 I thirst to drink unmingled love,
From the pure fountain-head above;
My dearest Lord, I long to be
Emptied of sin and full of Thee.

3 For Thee I pant, for Thee I burn,
Art Thou withdrawn? again return,
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

144 S. M. *Beddome.*

1 Faith! 'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns a King,
An all-atoning priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul
When fill'd with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of His blood,
And trusts His righteousness.

4 Since 'tis Thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord send the spirit of Thy son
To work this faith for me.

145 C. M.

1 Oh, let me run the christian race
With diligence and speed;
God's word, His spirit and His grace
Do all to duty lead.

2 Did Jesus leave the realms of bliss
To save from sin and hell?
A love so wonderful as this
Calls for a glowing zeal.

3 Those who to Christ for refuge flee,
Should in His footsteps tread;
Our Prophet, Priest and King should be
Both trusted and obeyed.

146 C. M. *Mrs. Brown.*

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempest driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

147 C. M. *Cobbin.*

1 A throne of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! O, at that throne
Our knees have often bent,
And God has showered His blessings down
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints,
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire His will.

4 A throne of grace we yet shall need
Long as we draw our breath;
A Savior too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.

5 The throne of glory then shall glow
With beams from Jesus' face;
And we no longer want shall know,
Nor need a throne of grace.

148 C. M.

1 Father, I know Thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown;
O, grant me grace Thy love to trust,
And cry, "Thy will be done."

2 If Thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should wealth and friends begone,
Still with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry "Thy will be done."

3 Although Thy steps I can not trace,
Thy sovereign right I'll own;
And, as instructed by Thy grace,
I'll cry "Thy will be done."

4 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie
Before Thy gracious throne,
Concerning everything to cry,
"My Father's will be done."

149 C. M.

1 O, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on His word.

2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love Thee more.

150 L. M. *Stowell*

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place of all on earth most sweet—
It is the gracious mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far—by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

4 Ah! whither could I flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there, on eagle's wings to soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 O, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

151 C. M.

1 Let me, my Savior and my God,
On sovereign grace rely;
And own 'tis free because bestowed
On one so vile as I.

2 Election! 'tis a word divine!
For, Lord, I plainly see,
Had not Thy choice prevented mine,
I ne'er had chosen Thee.

3 For perseverance, strength, I've none,
But would on this depend,
That Jesus, having loved his own.
Will love them to the end.

4 Empty and bare, I come to Thee
For righteousness divine;
Oh, may thy glorious merits be,
By imputation, mine.

5 Free grace alone can wipe the tear
From my lamenting eyes,
And raise my soul from guilty fears
To joy that never dies.

6 Free grace can death itself outbrave,
And take the sting away;
Can sinners to the utmost save,
And give them victory.

152 C. M. *Burder*

1 Come ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that "God is Love."

2 This precious truth His word declares,
And all His mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts appears,
To show that "God is Love."

3 Behold His patience, bearing long
With those who from Him rove,
Till mighty grace their hearts subdue,
To teach that "God is Love."

4 The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above,
And every step, from first to last,
Proclaims that "God is Love."

5 And O, that you, whose hardened hearts,
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the Gospel's milder voice,
That tells us "God is Love."

6. Thousands once vile and base as you,
Surround the throne above;
The grace that changed has tuned their hearts
To sing that "God is Love."

7 O, may we all while here below,
This best of blessings prove,
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaims that "God is Love.

153 C. M. *Doddridge*

1 My God! how cheerful is the sound,
How pleasant to repeat!
Well may that heart with pleasure bound
Where God hath fixed His seat.

2 What want shall not our God supply,
From His redundant stores?
What streams of mercy from on high,
An arm almighty pours!

3 From Christ, the ever-living spring,
  These ample blessings flow;
Prepare my lips His name to sing,
  Whose heart has loved us so.

4 Now to our Father and our God
  Be endless glory given;
Through all the realms of man's abode,
  And through the highest heaven.

154 L. M. *Watts.*

1 Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
  And nobler speech than angels use,
  If love be absent, I am found
  Like tinkling brass and empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
  All that is done in heaven or hell;
  Or could my faith the world remove,
  Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
  To feed the bowels of the poor,
  Or give my body to the flame
  If love be absent, all is vain.

155 L. M. *Fawcett.*

1 Afflicted saints to Christ draw near,
Thy Savior's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond and say
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engaged by firm decree
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For, as thy days, thy strength shall be

4 When called to bear the weighty cross,
Of sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

5 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

156 C. M. *Watts*

1 How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my Exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have
Shall be forever Thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give
My cheerful hand resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great
That I should give Him all.

157 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Take my poor heart just as it is,
Set up therein Thy throne;
So shall I love Thee above all,
And live to Thee alone.

2 Complete Thy work and crown Thy grace,
That I may faithful prove;
And listen to that small, still voice,
Which only whispers love.

3 Which teaches me what is Thy will,
And tells me what to do;
Which covers me with shame when I
Do not Thy will pursue.

4 This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching from my Lord,
And learn obedience to Thy voice,
Thy soft reviving word.

158 *Watts.*

1 My soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your power.

3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 Had I the pinions of a dove
I'd climb the heavenly road.
There sits my Savior dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

159 C. M. *Ryland*

1 O Lord, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dry,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound
While God is God to me.

4 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore;
My great concern shall ever be
To love and please Thee more.

160 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Thy people, Lord, have ever found
'Tis good to bear Thy rod;
Afflictions make us learn Thy will,
And live upon our God.

2 This is the comfort we enjoy
When new distress begins;
We read Thy word, we run Thy way,
And hate our former sins.

3 Thy judgments, Lord, are always right,
Though they may seem severe,
The sharpest sufferings we endure
Flow from Thy faithful care.

4 Before we knew Thy chastening rod,
Our feet were apt to stray;
But now we learn to keep Thy word,
Nor wander from Thy way.

161 C. M. *Stennett*

1 And have I, Christ, no love for Thee,
Nor passion for Thy charms?
Nor wish my Savior's face to see,
And dwell within his arms?

2 Is there no spark of gratitude
In this cold heart of mine,
To Him whose generous bosom glowed
With friendship all divine?

3 Can I pronounce His charming name,
His acts of kindness tell,
And, while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?

4 Such base ingratitude as this,
What heart but must detest;
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
In every human breast.

5 A very wretch, Lord, I should prove,
Had I no love to Thee!
Rather than not my Savior love,
O, may I cease to be.

162 C. M. *Wesley.*

1 Shepherd divine, our wants relieve,
In this, our evil day;
To all Thy tempted followers give
The heart to trust and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O, let our souls on Thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Thy Holy Spirit's praying grace
Give us in faith to claim,
To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till Thou the Father's love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart—
"I will not let Thee go."

163 C. M. *Steele.*

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

164 S. M. *Watts*

1 The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid
I can not yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk through death's dark shades,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes,
Thou hast my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joys exalt my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

165 C. M. *Wesley.*

1 O, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

2 O, for a heart submissive, meek,
My Great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 O, for an humble, contrite heart;
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
O write Thy name upon my heart;
Thy name, O, God, is love.

166 C. M. *Watts.*

1 O, that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leave my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for His own mercy's sake
And for my Savior's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of His saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to His throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

167 S. M. *Newton.*

1 Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

3 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

4 If Thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in Thee.

168 C. M. *Beddome.*

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains can reach
The majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
The christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

169 L. M. *Stennett*

1 Jesus, my Savior and my God,
Thou hast redeemed me with thy blood;
By ties both nat'ral and divine,
I am, and ever will be, Thine.

2 But ah, should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me,
For such ingratitude to Thee!

3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate;
The guilt, the shame I deprecate;
And yet, so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.

4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord,
Grace in the needful hour afford;
O, steel this tim'rous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.

5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears;
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honor of the christian name.

170 C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes! Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last lab'ring breath,
And, dying, clasp Thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

171 L. M.

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word.
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory, too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

172 C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 Awake our souls and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.

2 Behold the portal wide displayed,
The building strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh aud green,
And living streams are there.

3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the door;
Nor fear the serpent's wiley arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

4 Oh, may Thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All traveling through one beauteous gate
To one eternal home!

173 S. M.

1 Behold the gift of God!
Sinners adore His name,
Who shed for us His precious blood—
Who bore our curse and shame.

2 Behold the living bread
  Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
  That he might ever live.

3 The Lord delights to give;
  He knows you've nought to buy;
To Jesus haste—this bread receive—
  And you shall never die.

174 L. M. *Steele.*

1 In Christ I've all my soul's desire,
His Spirit does my heart inspire
With boundless wishes, large and high,
And Christ will all my wants supply.

2 Christ is my hope, my strength and guide;
For me he bled, and groaned, and died;
He is my sun, to give me light,
He is my soul's supreme delight.

3 Christ is the source of all my bliss,
My wisdom and my righteousness;
My Savior, Brother, and my Friend,
On Him alone I now depend.

4 Christ is my King, to rule and bless,
And all my troubles to redress;
He's my salvation and my all,
Whate'er on earth shall me befall.

5 Christ is my strength, and portion, too;
My soul in Him can all things do;
Through Him I'll triumph o'er the grave,
And death and hell my soul outbrave

175 L. M. *Beddome.*

1 Jesus, my love, my chief delight,
For Thee I long, for Thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day!

2 When shall I see Thy smiling face—
That face which I have often seen?
Arise, thou Son of Righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God
To sinners weary and distrest—
The first of all His gifts bestowed,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Could I but say tl is gift is mine
I'd tread the world beneath my feet,
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

5 The precious jewel I would keep
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart.

176 S. M. *Beddome.*

1 Let Christians all agree,
And peace among them spread;
Gentiles and Jews, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let fervent love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With common blessings crowned.

3 Let envy (child of hell!)
Be banished far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

177 C. M.

1 I love to see the Lord below,
His church displays His grace;
But upward worlds His glories know,
And view Him face to face.

2 I love to worship at His feet,
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints exalted near His seat
Have no assaults to fear.

3 I love to meet Him in His court,
And taste His heavenly love;
But still His visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.

4 He shines—and I am all delight;
He hides—and all is pain;
When will He fix me in His sight
And ne'er depart again?

5 O Lord, I love Thy service now;
Thy church displays Thy power;
But soon in heaven, I hope to view
And praise Thee evermore.

178 C. M. *Stennett.*

1 As on the cross the Savior hung,
And wept, and bled and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at His side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd.

3 Jesus, Thou Son and Heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
I see Thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
And weltering in Thy blood.

4 Yet quickly from these scenes of woe
In triumph Thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Savior, think on me,
And in the vict'ries of Thy death,
Let me a sharer be.

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies—
To-day thy parting soul shall be
With Me in paradise.

179 C. M. *Watts*

1 What shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill Thine house
My off'ring shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight,
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all Thy servants are,
How great Thy grace to me!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

5 Now I am Thine, forever Thine,
No shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with Thy love.

6 Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

180 C. M. *Hart*

1 The souls that would to Jesus press
Must fix this firm and sure—
That tribulation, more, or less,
They must and shall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt,
'Tis God's own wise decree;
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
Nor is the strongest free.

3 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares
To catch the wandering heart,
And seldom do we see the snares
Before we feel the smart.

4 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.

5 Glad frames too often lift us up,
And then how proud we grow;
Till sad desertion makes us droop,
And down we sink as low.

6 Though we are feeble Christ is strong,
His promises are true;
We shall be conquerors all ere long,
And more than conquerors, too.

181 S. M. *Doddridge*

1 Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace displays
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And would not let me go.

6 Grace all the works shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

182 L. M. *Watts.*

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night,
Till we arrive at heaven, our home;
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by Divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God:
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

183 C. M. *W. Thompson.*

1 Faith is the Spirit's evidence,
A witness to the soul;
It claims no merit in itself,
But comes to Christ for all.

2 Its substance is the Lord of life,
The Christian is its home,
It leads the soul to full supplies,
And points out joys to come.

3 It claims in Christ a legacy,
And helps the child to see;
This faith, dear Savior, is Thy gift;
O, give this faith to me.

184 S. M. *Watts.*

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the shameful tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse removed;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

185 C. M. *Bathurst.*

1 O, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief and pain
Will lean upon its God.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble can not drown,
Or satan's arts beguile.

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

186 L. M.

1 Arise, my soul! on wings sublime
Above the vanities of time;
Remove the parting veil and see
The glories of eternity!

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 I love to meet Him in His court
And taste His heavenly love;
But still His visits seem too short
Or I too soon remove.

4 He shines, and I am all delight;
He hides, and all is pain;
When will He fix me in His sight,
And ne'er depart again?

5 O, Lord, I love Thy service now;
Thy church displays Thy power;
But soon in heaven I hope to view
And praise thee evermore.

187 C. M. *Steele.*

1 Dear father, to Thy mercy-seat,
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If Thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

2 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
O, let thy kind, Thy gracious word,
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 O, never let my soul remove,
From this divine retreat!
Still let me trust Thy power and love,
And dwell beneath Thy feet.

188 C. M.

1 Go on, ye pilgrims, while below,
In the sure paths of peace,
Determined nothing else to know,
But Jesus and His grace.

2 Observe your leader, follow Him;
He through this world has been
Often reviled, but like a lamb
Did ne'er revile again.

3 O, take the pattern He has given,
And love your enemies;
And learn the only way to heaven
In self-denial lies.

4 Remember you must watch and pray,
While journeying on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

5 Contend for nothing but the truth
That feeds the immortal mind;
For fruitless leaves no more dispute,
But leave them to the wind.

6 Go on rejoicing every day,
Your crown is yet before;
Defy the trials of your way,
The storms will soon be o'er.

189 C. M.

1 Long have I tried terrestrial joys.
But here can find no rest;
Far from its vanity and noise,
"To be with Christ is best."

2 'Tis desert here, and thorns and foes
Do all the roads infest;
The dangers of the journey's short,
"To be with Christ is best."

3 When earth can no delights afford
He spreads a heavenly feast;
Such dainties crown His royal board,
"To be with Christ is best."

4 By this I fly the desert through,
And feel my soul refreshed;
What can obstruct me when I know,
"To be with Christ is best."

5 There an eternity with Thee
I'll think myself well blest;
I see Thee here; but Oh! to be,
"To be with Christ is best."

190 C. M. *Toplady.*

1 Compared with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with Thee.

2 The sense of Thy redeeming love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow! for Thee alone,
My All-in-all I pray.

3 Less than Thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than Thyself I can not crave,
And thou can'st give no more.

4 Loved of my God, for Him again
With love intense I'd burn;
Chosen of Thee ere time began,
I'd choose Thee in return.

5 Whate'er consists not with Thy love
O teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all the intents of bliss
If Thou, O God, art mine.

191 *Watts.*

1 Of all the joys we mortals know
Jesus, Thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
The nearest image of the blest.

2 While we are held in Thy embrace
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile upon Thy beauteous face
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3 While of Thy absence we complain,
And long or weep in all we do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness, too.

4 When round Thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchman of the night
For some kind tidings of our love,
Thy very name creates delight.

5 Jesus, our God, yet rather come!
Our eyes would dwell upon Thy face;
'Tis best to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of His grace.

192 C. M. *Cowper*

1 There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Loose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day:
O, may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never loose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this lisping, faltering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save.

6 In heavenly strains, from every tongue,
In heaven, our sweet abode,
Thy praises shall, in purest song,
Honor Thy name, O, Lord.

193 C M. *Vanmeter.*

1 Jesus! O, what a wondrous theme
For mortal tongues to sound;
Awake, my heart, to sing His name
And make His praise resound.

2 Jesus, a Savior, born to die,
That I, a wretch, might live;
He rose, and now above the sky
Hath endless life to give.

3 He saw me bound in chains of sin,
And on the downward road;
And gave His life to ransom mine,
And bring me home to God.

4 Jesus! the name is so divine,
Let all the saints below,
And saints above, and angels join
And endless praise bestow.

194 C. M.

1 Forever blessed be the Lord,
My Savior and my shield;
He sends His Spirit with His word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul His care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And His shall be the praise.

195 C. M.

1 Jesus, exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given;
A name surpassing every name
That's known in earth or heaven!

2 Before Thy throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord;
Before Thy throne shall every tongue
Confess that Thou art Lord.

3 Jesus, Thou, in the form of God,
Didst equal honor claim;
Yet to redeem our guilty souls
Didst stoop to death and shame!

4 Oh! may that mind in us be formed
Which shone so bright in Thee;
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free.

5 To others we would stoop and learn
To emulate Thy love;
So shall we bear Thine image here,
And share Thy throne above.

PRAYER.

196 S. M. *Watts.*

1 Let sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'd spend my daily breath.

2 I would address Thy throne
When morning brings the light;
I'd seek Thy blessings every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O, my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath Thine iron rod!

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust Thy name,
Nor learn to do Thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Would lean upon the Lord;
Would cast my burdens on His arm,
And rest upon His word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of His love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

197 P. M.

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls
And all is dark—but heaven.

3 Where faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
And evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There joys divine, disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

198 S. M.

1 Dear Lord, attend our prayer,
And all our wants relieve;
Come to our hearts and dwell Thou there,
That Thou in us, mayst live.

2 In weakness, we draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace;
Answer a sinner's mournful cry,
And fill us with Thy peace.

3 Thou read'st the naked breast;
For liberty we groan;
We sigh, in Thee, our Lord, to rest,
And worship Thee alone.

4 If trials vex our mind,
Close to Thy wounds we'll flee;
No refuge may we elsewhere find,
But what we find in Thee.

5 To Thee we come, our friend,
As sinners poor indeed;
On Thee, for future grace depend,
Our help in ev'ry need.

199 C. M. *Watts.*

1 When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

200 L. M.

1 My soul, with humble fervor raise,
To God, the voice of grateful praise;
Let every mental power combine
To bless His attributes divine.

2 Deep on my heart let memory trace
His acts of mercy and of grace;
Who, with a father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking in despair;

3 Gave my repentant soul to prove
The joy of His forgiving love;
Poured balm into my bleeding breast,
And led my weary feet to rest.

201 L. M. *Cowper.*

1 What various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there!

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the christian's armor bright
And satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

202 L. M. *Swain.*

1 Jesus, Thy saints assembled here,
Thy power and goodness to declare;
O may these happy seasons prove,
That we have known redeeming love!

2 And while of mercies past we speak,
And sing of endless joys to come,
Let Thy full glories on us break,
And every thought give Jesus room!

3 No other food may we desire,
No other theme our bosoms fire
But sovereign, rich, redeeming love
While here, and when we dwell above.

203 C. M.

1 Prayer is the work the Lord commands,
And owns and honors, too;
To Him we'll lift our hearts and hands,
And worship is His due.

2 Nor shall our labors be in vain,
In Christ, our loving Lord,
Who will our faith and hope maintain,
According to His word.

3 Wait on Him, then, each praying soul,
And humbly trust His grace;
The happy end will crown the whole,
For you shall see His face.

4 There to eternity you'll sing,
In raptures all divine,
The boundless glories of our King,
And like Him ever shine.

204 C. M. *Mrs. Harrison.*

1 To Thee again, my gracious God,
I litt my heart and eyes;
Thou art my only safe abode,
Thou only just and wise.

2 In Thee for every needful grace
My drooping soul confide;
Keep me, O Lord, in every place,
Secure on every side.

3 Be Thou, my guardian, ever near,
Thy presence I entreat;
Keep me, O keep me in Thy fear,
Uphold my sliding feet.

4 The paths I tread are strewed with snares,
In mercy, take my part;
Let no applauses wound my ears
Nor censures vex my heart.

5 Lest I should once disgrace Thy cause
Make me, O Lord, to grow
Deaf both to censure and applause.
And dead to all below.

6 I'd seek the honor of Thy name,
And leave my own to die;
Help me to sink with humble shame.
And raise Thy praise on high.

205 S. M.

1 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

2 This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want;
Out on the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.

3 I want a true regard,
A single steady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'nings or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name.

4 A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

5 I want, with all my heart,
Thy pleasure to fulfill;
To know myself, and what Thou art,
And what Thy perfect will.

6 I want, I know not what;
I want my wants to see;
I want—alas! what want I not,
When Thou art not in me?

206 C. M.

1 Dear Lord, to us assembled here,
Reveal Thy smiling face;
While we by faith, with love and fear,
Approach Thy throne of grace.

2 Thy house is call'd the house of prayer,
A solemn, sacred place;
O, let us now Thy presence share,
While at Thy throne of grace.

3 With holy boldness may we come,
Though of a sinful race,
Thankful to find there yet is room
Before Thy throne of grace.

4 Our earnest, fervent cry attend,
And all our faith increase,
While we our heavenly friend address
Upon a throne of grace.

5 His tender pity, and His love,
Our every fear shall chase,
And all our help we then shall prove
Comes from the throne of grace.

6 We bless Thee for Thy word and laws,
We bless Thee for Thy peace;
And we do bless Thee, Lord, because
There is a throne of grace.

207 C. M.

1 Wherewith shall we approach the Lord,
And bow before His throne?
By trusting in His faithful word,
And pleading Christ alone.

2 The blood, the righteousness and love,
Of Jesus will we plead;
He lives within the veil above,
For us to intercede.

3 Sure ground, and sure foundation, too,
We find in Jesus' name;
Herein we every blessing view,
And every favor claim.

4 Let, then, His name forever be
To us, supremely dear;
Our only all-prevailing plea,
For all our hope is there.

5 This is the name the Father loves
To hear His children plead;
And all such pleading He approves,
And blesses them indeed.

208 7s. *Newton.*

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask, without delay.

2 With my burden I begin,
Lord remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood, bought right, maintain,
And, without a rival reign.

4 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

209 7s.

1 Jesus, sov'reign of the skies,
'Tis to Thee we lift our eyes;
And our supplications hear,
Answer ev'ry fervent pray'r.

2 Jesus come, and don't delay;
Show us mercy while we pray;
Show us now Thy tender heart,
And Thy kindness now impart.

3 Rain down blessings from above,
Let it be a time of love;
Then we may rejoice and say,
O 'tis good to meet and pray.

210

1 Jesus, I sing Thy matchless grace
That calls a worm Thy own;
Give me among Thy saints a place
To make Thy glories known.

2 Allied to Thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive;
From Thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And Thou our common Lord.

211 S. M. *Burnham*

1 Come all who love to pray,
  On Jesus cast your care;
And every praying soul shall find
  He loves to answer prayer.

2 See how He looks and smiles,
  From yonder shining throne;
Pleas'd He attends your every pray'r,
  And sends rich blessings down.

3 Ye hung'ring, thirsting souls,
  O pray and never faint;
Fresh scenes of love our Lord displays
  To ev'ry praying saint.

4 And whither should we fly
  But to a throne of grace?
For there we prove celestial joys,
  And find substantial peace.

5 Lord, from Thy throne behold
  Thy saints assembled here,
Whose hearts ascend with warm desire
  To feel Thy presence near.

6 Through all the glooms of sin
  May Thy rich mercy blaze;
And make it known Thou hearest pray'r
  And worthy art of praise.

212 C. M. *Montgomery*

1 Mercy alone can meet my case;
For mercy, Lord, I cry;
Jesus, Redeemer, show Thy face,
In mercy, or I die.

2 Save me, for none beside can save;
At Thy command I tread,
With failing step, life's stormy wave;
The wave goes o'er my head.

3 I perish, and my doom were just,
But wilt Thou leave me? no;
I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust—
I will not let Thee go.

4 Still sure to me Thy promise stands,
And ever must abide;
Behold it written on Thy hands,
And graven in Thy side.

5 To this, this only, will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe;
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

213 P. M.

1 How happy, how loving, how joyful I feel;
I want to feel more love, yea, more love
and zeal;

I want my love perfect, I want my love pure,
That all things with patience I may well endure.

2 I want to be little, more simple and mild,
More like my blest Master, and more like a child;
More watchful, more prayerful, more lovely in mind,
More humble, more gentle, more loving and kind.

3 I want to love wisdom that comes from above,
I want to be harmless, and more like the dove;
I want my light clear, that beholders may see
How faith and good works in sweet union agree.

4 My union I want with the Father and Son;
I want that perfected which now is begun;
That love and sweet union which soothes every care,
And with my dear brethren all burdens to bear.

5 My faith and my hope, my love and my zeal—
I want them recruited, and never to fail;
Remembering at all times what Jesus did say,
And set out anew and begin every day.

6 My treasure in heaven I want to lay up,
Where no moth and no rust can ever corrupt;
Where no thief and no robber will venture or dare—
My heart and my treasure I want to be there.

7 O, come, my dear brethren, both aged and youth,
And all who are willing to walk in the truth,
Let's all join together in union and love,
And on our blest journey then joyful we'll move.

214 S. M. *Medley.*

1 Come, praying souls, rejoice,
And bless your Father's name;
Joyful to Him lift up your voice,
And all His love proclaim.

2 Your mournful cry He hears,
He marks your feeblest groan;
Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,
And makes His mercy known.

3 To all His praying saints
He ever will attend;
And to their sorrows and complaints
Will timely succor send.

4 Then blessed be the Lord,
Who has not turned away
His mercy nor His precious word
From those who love to pray.

5 No, still He bows His ear
In gentle pity down,
For praying breath He loves to hear,
And praying souls he'll crown.

6 Then let us still go on
In His appointed ways,
Rejoicing in His name alone,
In prayer and humble praise.

215 7s. *Hammond.*

1 Lord we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

3 Send some message from Thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

216 S. M. *Beddome.*

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

217 S. M.

1 Oh! where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or search to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unnumbered by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Here would we end our quest;
Alone is found in Thee,
O Lord! that life, that blissful rest
Of immortality.

218 6s. 8s.

1 Arise, my soul arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

2 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, O, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He can not turn away
The presence of His Son.
His Spirit answers to the blood
And tells me I am born of God.

4 Now I am reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for a child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

219 S. M.

1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O, may we all remember well
The night of death is near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O, may we in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love.

220 L. M. *Kenn.*

1 Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

4 Be Thou my guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill

5 Lord, let my heart forever share
The bliss of Thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'Tis heaven above,
To see Thy face and sing Thy love.

221 S. M.

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till He appear,
And pray and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give Him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His people when they cry;
Yes, though He may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

5 His nature, truth and love,
Engage Him on their side;
When they are grieved, His bowels move,
They will not be denied.

6 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, He hears, and from on high
Will make our cause His care.

222 C. M. *Steele.*

1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of His word!

2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls return,
Dear Lord and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon d rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, Thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Savior, I adore;
O, keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

223 L. M.

1 My soul, take courage from the Lord;
Believe and speak His holy word.
To Him alone do thou complain,
Nor shalt thou seek His face in vain.

2 Upon Him call in humble prayer,
Thou still art His peculiar care!
He'll surely turn and smile again,
Nor shalt thou seek His face in vain.

3 However sinful, weak and poor,
Still wait and pray at mercy's door;
Faithful Jehovah must remain,
Nor shalt thou seek His face in vain.

4 Though the corruption of thy heart
Daily new cause of grief impart,
Pray that thy lust may all be slain,
Nor shalt thou seek His face in vain.

5 Though sharp afflictions still abound,
And clouds and darkness thee surround,
Still pray, for God will all explain,
Nor shalt thou seek His face in vain.

6 In Him, in Him alone confide,
Still at the throne of grace abide;
Eternal vict'ry thou shalt gain,
Nor shalt thou seek His face in vain.

224 C. M. *Newton.*

1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Savior's pard'ning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd
His love was all my song,

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw His glory shine;
I, when I read His holy word
I called each promise mine.

4 Then to His saints I often spoke
Of what His love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

5 Now, when the evening shades prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns,
And when the morn the light reveals
No light to me returns.

6 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides His face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach the case.

7 Now, satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey,
Yet, Lord, Thy mercies can not fail—
O, come without delay.

225 L. M. *Hart.*

1 Prayer was appointed to convey,
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live, should christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

2 The christian's heart, his prayer indites,
He speaks, as prompted from within,
The spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou, in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer;
My soul, thou hast a friend on high,
Arise and try thy interest there.

4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
The remedy's before thee—pray!

5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame;
Pray if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

6 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known,
Fear not, His merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

226 L. M.

1 O, give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins, which have Thy body torn;
Give me, with broken heart to see,
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O, could I gain the mountain height,
And gaze upon the bleeding sight;
Oh, that with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Savior die.

3 I'd smite my breast, and weep, and mourn,
And never from the cross return;
And own Him as my Lord and God,
And mix my tears in Jesus' blood.

4 I'd cling around his feet and cry,
"Lord, save my soul, condemned to die!"
O, let a wretch come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

5 Father of mercies, drop Thy frown,
And give me shelter in Thy Son,
And with Thy broken heart comply,
O, give me Jesus, or I die.

6 O, Lord, deny me what Thou wilt,
Only relieve my soul from guilt;
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
And give me Jesus, or I die.

227 C. M.

1 Dear Savior, let Thy gracious eye
In pity now look down,
While unto Thee for help we cry,
And all our vileness own.

2 Often beset with shame or fear,
When we attempt to pray,
Or such confusion interfere,
We scarce know what to say.

3 Darkness and hardness, guilt and pride
And satan's craft and rage,
Make us our sinful faces hide,
And often fear to engage.

4 Lord, let Thy mighty pow'r and love
Upon us be display'd;
O, send Thy Spirit from above,
And grant us timely aid.

5 Subdue these evils, dearest Lord!
Remove them far away,
And let Thy gracious help afford
Renewed grace to pray.

6 Still, Lord, uphold us in thy strength,
And we'll go on in prayer
Till we arrive in heaven at length,
To praise our Savior there.

228 *Newton.*

1 Now may fervent prayer arise,
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the skies;
Fervent prayer shall bring us down
Gracious answers from the throne.

2 Give, O, Lord, the hearing ear,
To each soul assembled here;
Clothe Thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be Thine.

3 Shepherd of Thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves and look on Thee.

4 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth,
While the gospel call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

229 L. M. *Hart.*

1 Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

230 S M.

1 Sing to the Lord most high;
Let every land adore;
With grateful heart and voice make known
His goodness and his power.

2 Enter His courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord;
'Twas He who formed us with His hand,
And quickened by His word.

3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We're guarded by his daily care,
And on His bounty live.

4 Good is the Lord our God;
His truth and mercy sure;
And while eternity shall last,
His promises endure.

231

1 Jesus, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all go home a praying,
And rejoicing in Thy love.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters.
Till we all shall meet again.

3 May Thy blessing, Lord, go with us
To each one's respective home,
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us, every one.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

232 C. M. *Millman.*

1 Oh, help us Lord! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh, help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish tore.
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us! Lord, the more.

3 Oh, help us through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 If strangers to Thy fold we call,
Imploring at Thy feet,
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this;
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

LORD'S DAY.

233 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer;
To Thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thine holy court
And worship in Thy fear.

5 O, may Thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

234 C. M. *Mason*

1 Come, dearest Lord, and feed Thy sheep
On this sweet day of rest;
O, bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy an heavenly rest.

2 Welcome and precious to my soul,
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a sabbath shall I keep,
When I shall rest above!

3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
Here in Thine own appointed way,
I wait to see Thy face.

4 These are the sweet and precious days
On which, my Lord I've seen;
And oft, when feasting on His word,
In raptures I have been.

5 O, if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found,
I'd clasp my Savior in my arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

6 I long for that delightful hour,
When from this clay undressed,
I shall be clothed in robes divine,
And made forever blessed.

235 C. M. *Watts.*

1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O, Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blessed be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace,
Who comes in God, His Father's name,
To save His chosen race.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

236 L. M. *Stennett.*

1 Another six days' work is done,
Another Lord's day is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O, that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
Receive from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great God, Thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.

6 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet this day of rest to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

237 C. M.

1 Come, let us join with one accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called His own.

2 This is the day which God hath blessed—
The brightest of the seven—
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in His name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
Up to eternal joy.

238 L. M.

1 Thy earthly days of rest we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire,

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred high eternal noon.

4 Thy earthly days of rest we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

239 L. M. *Slade.*

1 Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day;
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away.
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies,

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then, when our sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on heaven's shore,
With all the ransomed we shall spend
A sabbath which shall never end.

240 S. M.

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of His face
And sheds His love abroad.

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit
And smile on all around.

3 To Him, their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

4 To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And in return accepts with smiles
The tribute of their hearts.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

241 C. M.

1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh, what a night was that which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!
Oh, what a Sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

242 C. M.

1 When, dearest Savior, when shall I
Behold Thee all serene,
Blest in perpetual sabbath day
Without a veil between?

2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amid a world of cares;
Incline my roving heart to pray,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Thy Spirit, O, my Father give,
To be my guide and friend;
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
Where sabbaths never end.

243 7s.

1 To Thy temple we repair—
Lord, we love to worship there;
There, within the veil, we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While Thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord, our Righteousness.

3 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let Thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when Thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While Thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at Thy law,
Let Thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From Thy house, when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

244 C. M.

1 Almighty God! eternal Lord!
Thy gracious power make known;
Touch by the virtue of Thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
Oh, let his guilty conscience dread,
The death that never dies.

3 Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 Now let our darkness comprehend,
The light that shines so clear;
Thy Spirit, Lord, in mercy send,
And give us ears to hear.

245 L. M.

1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humblest mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim,
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

246 L. M.

1 My opening eyes, with raptures see,
The dawn of Thy returning day;
My thoughts, O, God, ascend to Thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to Thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest,
Eternal King, erect Thy throne,
And reign sole Monarch in my breast.

3 Oh, bid this trifling world retire;
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then to Thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of Thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

247 L. M. *Watts*

1 Lord. how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee—
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O, write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of Thy word,
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine.
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

248 C. M.

1 Frequent the day of God returns
To shed its sweetest beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames.

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive.
We would be like Thy saints above,
And praise Thee while we live.

3 Increase, O, Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up;
The sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

5 Where we in high seraphic strains
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range the etherial plains,
And take our fill of joy.

249 L. M. *Harrison.*

1 Awake, my heart! my soul arise!
This is the day believers prize;
Improve this Lord's Day, then, with care,
Another may not be thy share.

2 O, solemn thought, Lord, give me power
Wisely to fill up every hour;
O, for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my heart and soul above.

3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail
To worship Thee within the veil,
To glorify Thy matchless grace,
To see the beauties of Thy face.

4 Be with me in Thy house, to-day,
And tune my heart to praise and pray;
Command Thy word to fall like dew,
Refreshing, cheering all anew.

5 Call forth my thoughts, and let them rove
O'er the green pastures of Thy love;
O, let not sin prevent my rest,
Nor keep me from my Savior's breast.

6 Give to Thy church a large increase;
Send her prosperity and peace;
May all Thy saints in Zion say:
O, happy, happy, happy day.

250 L. M. *Watts.*

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truths at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word.
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep Thy counsels; how divine.

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till Thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall have a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before),
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

251 S. M. *Watts*

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to day;
Here, we may sit and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

252 7s.

1 Hark, the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Saints to God are reconciled."

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph to the skies;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Son of Righteousness!

3 Mild He lays His glory by;
Born that we no more might die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, desire of nations! come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise the woman's promised seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

5 Glory to the new-born King!
Let us all the anthem sing,
Peace on earth and mercy free,
Here your God and Savior see.

253 L. M.

1 Great God, to what a glorious height,
Hast Thou advanced the Lord, Thy son,
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of His throne

2 Before His feet, their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage His affairs of state,
In works of vengeance or of love.

3 Now they are sent to guide our feet,
Up to the gates of Thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet,
In traveling o'er the heavenly road.

4 Lord, when we leave this mortal ground,
And Thou shalt bid us rise and come,
Send Thy beloved angels down,
Safe to conduct our spirits home.

254 L. M. *Watts.*

1 Blood has a voice to pierce the skies,
"Revenge!" the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks peace as loud, from every vein.

2 Pardon and peace, from God on high,
Behold He lays His vengeance by,
And rebels that deserve His sword,
Becomes the fav'rites of the Lord.

3 To Jesus, let our praises rise,
Who gave His life, a sacrifice;
Now He appears before His God,
And for our pardon, pleads His blood.

255 C. M. *Heginbotham.*

1 To Thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I raise;
O, let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak Thy praise.

2 But how shall mortal tongues express
A subject so divine?
Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine?

3 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
A nobler bliss above.

4 To Thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

256 S. M. *Steve*

1 While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows;
His gracious hand, indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with Thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

257 C. M. *Watts.*

1 My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see His smiling face,
Tho' in His earthly courts.

2 There, the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With His rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals His wondrous love
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, Thy words declare
The secrets of Thy will;
And still we seek Thy mercy there,
And sing Thy praises still.

258 L. M. *Watts.*

1 The King of Glory sends His Son
To make His entrance on the earth!
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hosts declare his birth.

2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose and led
The eastern sages to His feet.

3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Savior to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And blessed the babe and owned His name.

4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the Holy child with scorn;
Our souls adore the eternal God
Who condescended to be born.

259 C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 Savior of man, and Lord of love,
How sweet Thy gracious name;
With joy that errand we review
On which Thy mercy came.

2 While all Thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charmed with the honor to obey
Their great, eternal King.

3 For us mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laid'st that glory by;
First, in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.

4 Bought with Thy service and Thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are Thine;
To Thee our lives we would devote,
To Thee our death resign.

260 C. M.

1 Earth has engrossed my love too long,
'Tis time I lift my eyes
Upward, dear Father, to Thy throne
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest man, my Savior, sits—
The God! how bright he shines,
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employ;
Jesus, my love, they sing.
Jesus, the life of all our joy,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Hark! how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And echo in majestic sounds
The God-head of the Son.

6 And now they sing the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the Father's equal down
To dwell in humble clay.

261 L. M. *Watts.*

1 Now, to the Lord a noble song!
Awake my soul, awake my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all His boundless love proclaim

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of His grace;
God, in the person of His son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaims the wise, the powerful God;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of Thine hands;
The pleasing luster of his eyes
Outshine the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme!
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens reflect it to the ground.

6 O, may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face;
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold!

262 P. M.

1 Ye angels who stand around the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known—
Tune all your soft harps to his praise.

2 He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you He was mighty to save—
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh! when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Savior belong.

4 I'm fettered and chained up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Savior to see.

5 I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of His choir,
And tune my sweet harp to His name.

I want, oh! I want to be there,
To sorrow and sin bid adieu;
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wander and worship with you.

263 L. M.

1 "I come," the great Redeemer cries,
"A year of freedom to declare,
From debts and bondage to discharge,
And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share."

2 "A day of vengeance, I proclaim,
But not on them, the storm shall fall,
On Me, its thunders shall descend;
My strength, My love, sustains them all."

3 Stupendous favor; matchles grace;
Jesus has died, that we might live,
Nor world below, nor worlds above,
Could so divine a ransom give.

4 To Him who loved His chosen race,
And for our lives, laid down His own,
Let songs of joyful praises rise,
Sublime, eternal as His throne.

264 L. M.

1 When on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death, for wretched me,
Satan and sin, no more can move,
For I am all dissolved in love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart,
In every groan I bear a part,
I view His wounds with streaming eyes,
But see, He bows His head and dies!

3 Come, mourners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bathed in blood!
Behold His side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forgot my cares and pains,
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the fountain-head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 O, that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more Thy love reveal!
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim,
The grace and glory of Thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fears,
Revives my heart, and charmes my ear;
Affords a balm for every wound,
And satan trembles at the sound.

265 L. M. *Fawcett.*

1 Jesus, the heavenly Lover, gave
His life my wretched soul to save;
Resolved to make His mercy known,
He kindly claims me for His own.

2 Rebellious I against Him strove,
Till melted and constrained by love;
With sin and self I freely part—
The heavenly Bridegroom wins my heart.

3 My guilt, my wretchedness he knows,
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse;
My debts He pays and sets me free,
And makes His riches o'er to me.

4 My filthy rags are laid aside,
He clothes me as becomes His bride;
Himself bestows my wedding dress—
The robe of perfect righteousness.

5 Lost in astonishment I see,
Jesus, Thy boundless love for me;
With angels I Thy grace adore,
And long to love and praise Thee more.

6 Since Thou wilt take me for Thy bride,
O, Savior, keep me near Thy side!
I fain would give Thee all my heart,
Nor ever from my Lord depart.

266 C. M.

1 By faith my Christ I now behold
On yonder gloomy tree.
He bleeds to put my sins away—
He died, my soul, for thee.

2 O, see the bleeding Prince of Life
On Calv'ry's mount expire;
Muse on the wondrous scene of love,
And reigning grace admire.

3 Stretch'd on the cross thy Savior hung,
Sustain'd thy heavy load,
Wash'd all thy dreadful crimes away
In streams of richest blood.

4 Now in this consecrated road
Oh! may we ever move,
Till heav'nly anthems fill our souls
In the pure realms above.

267 C. M. *Watts*

1 Infinite grief, amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord!
Hell and the Jews conspire His death,
And use the Roman sword.

2 O, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and jagged thorns
His sacred body tore.

3 But knotty whips and jagged thorns
In vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And more the spiteful Jews.

4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormenters were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief a spear.

268 C. M. *Watts.*

1 The true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoking sweets nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid nor bullock slain;
Incense and spice of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his rest,
When God Himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of His love;
For us He paid His life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died!"
And then He shows His open veins,
And pleads His wounded side.

269 L. M. *Stennett.*

1 'Tis finished—so the Savior cried
And meekly bow'd His head and died;
'Tis finished—yes the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said
Is now fulfilled as was design'd,
In me the Savior of mankind.

3 'Tis finished—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
The Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone!
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

270 C. M.

1 My Savior, on Mount Calvary,
And near Thy cross I stand;
The most delightful place to me
In all Judea's land.

2 In those pierc'd hands, and feet and side,
And that distressed face,
With reverence let me always view
The Lord my righteousness.

3 And were those pains endured for me?
Lord, help my feeble tongue
To spread the wonders of Thy love
In a melodious song.

271 C. M. *Watts*

1 I sing my Savior's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when He fell;
"'Tis finished," said His dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 "'Tis finished," our Immanuel cries,
Thy dreadful work is done;
Hence shall His sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He press'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at His Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven or hell His hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

272 *Beddome.*

1 Ye worlds of light that roll so near
The Savior's throne of shining bliss,
O, tell how mean your glories are,
How faint and few, compared with His.

2 We sing the bright and Morning Star,
Jesus, the spring of light and love;
See how its rays, diffused from 'far,
Conduct us to the realms above!

3 Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad,
Point out the puzzled christian's way;
Still as he goes he finds the road
Enlightened with a constant ray.

4 Thus when the eastern magi brought
Their royal gifts, a star appears,
Directs them to the Babe they sought,
And guides their steps, and calms their fear.

5 When shall we reach the heavenly place
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine?
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine?

273 C. M.

1 Ye trembling souls who still decline
To walk in His commands,
Your Jesus chides your lingering faith,
And says, "Behold my hands."

2 "These hands were pierced and torn for you
To make your bliss complete;
For you I trod the place of skulls,
And now behold My feet.

3 "My temples bore the thorny crown
While foes did me deride;
My vital current ran for you,
And now behold my side."

4 Amazed, we cry, forgive, O, Lord,
Forgive our senseless frame;
May such almighty love as this
Make us to love Thy name.

274 C. M. *Stennett.*

1 Yonder—amazing sight!—I see
The incarnate Son of God
Expiring on the fatal tree,
And weltering in His blood

2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from His hands and head;
The crimson tide puts out the sun,
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darkened sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud,
And with the amazed centurion cry,
"This is the Son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,
May well my hope revive;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O, that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to Thee;
Thou hast my heart, it shall be Thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

275 S. M. *Watts.*

1 Like sheep we went astray,
And left the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once His vengeance pour
Upon our Shepherd's head.

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honor and His breath
Were taken quite away,
Joined with the wicked in His death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise His head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make Him see a numerous seed
To recompense His pain.

6 "I'll give Him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold His honors long."

276 C. M. *Steele.*

1 The Savior! O, what endless charms,
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich profusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The mighty Former of the skies
Descends to our abode,
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store;
Dear Savior, let me call Thee mine;
I can not wish for more.

5 On Thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Savior and my all.

277 S. M. *W. Thompson.*

1 My Father and my God,
O, teach me to draw near,
And may I feel a child-like love,
And not a slavish fear.

2 O let my soul be filled
With Thy paternal grace,
While in humility I come
And stand before Thy face.

3 A rebel I have been,
And still remain the same,
But Thou hast bid me come to Thee
In Jesus' worthy name.

4 Lord, in His name I come,
And praise Thee for Thy grace;
Unworthy as I know I am,
I love to see Thy face.

278 C. M.

1 O, sacred beauties of the Man!
(The God resides within);
His flesh all pure without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

2 But when to Calvary they turn.
Silent their harps abide;
Suspended songs a moment mourn
The Savior, loved and died.

3 Then all at once to living strains
They summoned every chord,
Tell how He triumphed o'er His pains,
And chant the rising Lord.

4 Now let me mount and join their song,
And sing with angels, too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

5 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
O, for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

6 There ye that love my Savior sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones or at your feet,
So I might see His face.

279 C. M.

1 Hark, the glad sound, the Savior comes,
The Savior promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts His sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoner to release
In satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

280 L. M. *Watts.*

1 Behold the woman's promised seed;
Behold the great Messiah comes;
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give Him superior room.

2 Abra'm, the saint, rejoiced of old
When visions of the Lord he saw:
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of His law.

3 The types bore witness to His name,
Obtained their chief design and ceased;
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Prediction in abundance meet,
To join their blessing on His head;
Jesus, we worship at Thy feet,
And nations own the promised seed.

281 L. M. *Watts.*

1 The Lord is come; the heavens proclaim
His birth, the nations learn His name,
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies
Go worship where the Savior lies;
Angels and kings before Him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Judah shout and Zion sing,
And each confess her sovereign King.

282 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Joy to the world, the Lord has come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings known
Far as the curse is found

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

283 S. M. *Doddr ge.*

1 My soul with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields
As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 "I know My sheep!" He cries;
"My soul approves them well;
Vain is the world's delusive guise,
And vain the rage of hell.

3 "I freely feed them now
With tokens of My love,
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams, above.

4 "Unnumbered years of bliss
I to My people give;
And while My throne unshaken stands
Shall all My chosen live.

5 "This tried, almighty hand
Is raised for their defense;
Where is the power shall reach them there,
Or what shall force from thence?"

6 "Enough, my gracious Lord,"
Let faith triumphant cry;
"My heart can on this promise live—
Can with this promise die."

284 C. M.

1 Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heavenly light,
A wondrous scene unfurl'd!

2 Hark! the cherubic voices shout,
And glory leads the song!
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

3 With joy the chorus we'll repeat:
Glory to God on high!
Good will and peace are now complete;
Jesus was born to die.

4 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend;
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

285 L. M. *Medley.*

1 All hail, Thou Great Immanuel,
Thy love, Thy glory, who can tell?
Angels and all the heavenly host
Are in the boundless prospect lost.

2 Mortals with reverential songs,
Take this dear name upon your tongues;
With holy fear attempt His praise,
In solemn yet triumphant lays.

3 Among a thousand forms of love,
In which He shines and smiles above,
This with peculiar joy we view,
He's David's root and offspring too.

4 There Jesus in the glorious plan,
Shines the great God, the wondrous *Man;*
As *God*, the root of all our bliss,
As *Man*, the branch of righteousness.

5 All hail, Thou dear redeeming Lord,
All hail, Thou co-essential word;
All hail, Thou root and branch divine,
All hail, and be the glory Thine.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

286 L. M. *Watts*

1 Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are.
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away.
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

287 C. M.

1 That once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

2 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time;
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

3 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears,
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that can not die.

288 C. M. *Watts*

1 Time, what an empty vapor 'tis,
And days, how swift they are;
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste;
That we can never say they're here,
But only say they're past.

3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.

4 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share;
Yet with the bounties of Thy grace
Thou lead'st the rolling year.

289 8s. 6s

1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run,
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun

CHORUS—O, come, angel band,
Come and around me stand,
And bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home,
O, bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home.

2 I know I'm nearing the heavenly ranks
Of friends and kindred dear;
I brush the dew on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.

3 I've almost join'd my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear their vesper wings.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And give us victory.

290 S. M.

1 And is there Lord, a rest,
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

3 Are there bright, happy fields,
Where naught that blooms shall die,
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields
And healthful breezes sigh?

4 Are there celestial streams
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

5 Forever blessed they
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away
Amid that glorious land.

6 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious Lord, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

291 6s. 4s.

1 Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Tho' like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,
So by my woes to be,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Clearing the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

292 L. M. *Watts.*

1 Remember, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short the date:
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
Must death forever rage and reign,
Or hast Thou made mankind in vain?

3 "Where is Thy promise to the just?
Are not Thy servants turned to dust?"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honors of Thy word:
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

293 C. M.

1 How still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last!

2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more,
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 All leveled by the hand of death
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth
To meet their final doom.

294 L. M. *Watts.*

1 Absent from flesh! O, blissful thought,
What unknown joys this moment brings,
Freed from the mischiefs sin has brought,
From pains, and fears, and all their springs.

2 Absent from flesh! illustrious day,
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.

3 Absent from flesh! Then rise, my soul,
Where feet nor wings could never climb,
Beyond the heavens, where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

4 I go where God and glory shine,
His presence makes eternal day,
My all that is mortal I resign,
For angels wait and point my way.

295 C. M.

1 And is thy lovely shadow fled?
Yet stop those fruitless tears;
He from a thousand pangs is freed,
You from ten thousand fears.

2 Though lost, he's lost to earth alone;
Above he will be found,
Amidst the stars and near the throne,
Which babes like him surround.

3 Look upward, and your child you'll see,
Fixed in his blest abode;
What parent would not childless be
To give a child to God?

296 C M.

1 Alas! how changed that lovely flower
Which bloomed and cheered my heart;
Fair, fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're called to part.

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, Whose ways are love,
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For her who rests above?

3 No! Let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to His will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
"The Lord is righteous still."

4 From adverse blasts and lowering storms
  Her favored soul he bore;
And with yon bright, angelic forms,
  She lives to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast?
  No more she'll visit me;
My soul will mount to her at last,
  And there my child I'll see.

6 Prepare, my blessed Lord, to share
  The bliss Thy people prove;
Who round Thy glorious throne appear,
  And dwell in perfect love.

297 S. M.

1 O, sing to me of heaven
  When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
  To waft my soul on high.

CHORUS—There'll be no sorrow there;
  There'll be no sorrow there;
  In heaven above where all is love
  There'll be no sorrow there.

2 When cold and sluggish drops
  Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
  Let heaven begin below.

3 When the last moments come,
O, watch my dying face
To catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er my features plays.

4 Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

THE OLD CHURCH-YARD.

298

1 Oh, come, come with me, to the old church-yard,
I well-know the path, through the soft green sward;
Friends slumber there, we were wont to regard.
We'll trace out their names, in the old church-yard;
Oh, mourn not for them, their grief is o'er,
Weep not for them, they weep no more,
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard
Their pillows may be in the old church-yard.

2 I know it seems vain, when friends depart,
To breathe kind words to the broken heart;
I know that the joys of life seem marred,
When we follow our friends to the old
church-yard;
But were I at rest, beneath yon tree,
Why should you weep, dear friends, for me?
I'm wayworn and sad, O, why then retard
The rest that I seek in the old church-yard.

3 Our friends linger there, in sweetest repose,
Released from the world's sad bereavements
and woes;
And who would not rest with the friends
they regard
In quietude sweet, in the old church-yard?
We'll rest in the hope of that bright day,
When beauty shall spring from the prison
of clay,
When Gabriel's voice and the trump of the
Lord,
Shall awaken the dead in the old church-
yard.

4 Oh, weep not for me, I am anxious to go,
To that haven of rest where tears never flow;
I fear not to enter that dark lonely ward;
For soon shall I rise from the old church-
yard;

Yes, soon shall I join that heavenly band
Of glorified souls, at my Savior's right hand;
Forever to dwell in bright mansions pre-
pared
For the saints, who shall rise from the old
church-yard.

299 S. M. *Montgomery.*

1 "Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame—
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil, amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran, slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his glit'ring shield.

4 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy.

300 7s. *J. H. Bancroft.*

1 Brother, though from younder sky,
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know for thee, to-day,
Every pain hath past away.

2 Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God and heir of Heaven;
For He gave thee sweet release;
Thine the christian's death of peace.

3 Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death,
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.

4 Brother, in that solemn trust,
We commend thee, dust to dust;
In that faith we wait, till risen,
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.

5 While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept;
With thy Savior thou shalt rest,
Crowned, and glorified and blest.

301 C. M. *Watts.*

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make those doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes.

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore.

302 L. M. *Mrs. MacKay.*

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep—
A calm and undisturbed repose.
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet.
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its cruel sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

303 L. M.

1 Dear is the spot where christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
O, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4 To Jordan's bank, whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

304 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Thee we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to Thee
How feeble is our mortal frame—
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Waken, O, Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

305 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Hark from the tomb a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry;
Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours.

3 Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

306 L. M. *Steele.*

1 Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point, my life appears;
How frail at best, is dying man,
How vain are all his hopes and fears.

3 Vain his ambition, noise and show,
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

4 O, be a nobler portion mine,
My God, I bow before Thy throne;
Earth's fleeting pleasures I resign,
And fix my hope on Thee alone.

307 C. M.

1 How peaceful is the closing scene,
When virtue yields its breath;
How sweetly beams the smile serene
Upon the cheek of death.

2 The christain's hope no fear can blight,
No pain his peace destroy;
He views beyond the realms of light
A pure and endless joy.

3 O, who can gaze with heedless eye
On scenes so fair as this;
Who but exclaims, "Thus let me die,
And be my end like His."

308 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Let death dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my days move on so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which can not fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

3 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to His heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

4 God is my everlasting aid,
My portion and my friend;
To Him be highest glory paid,
In ages without end.

309 *Watts.*

1 Lord, 'tis an infinite delight
To see Thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in Thy sight,
And feel Thy vital rays.

2 This Gabriel knows, and sings Thy name
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses, the saint, enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.

3 While the bright nation sounds Thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odors of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

4 Thy love—a sea without a shore—
Spreads life and joy abroad;
Oh! 'tis a heaven worth dying for
To see a smiling God.

310 C. M. *Watts.*

1 There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O, my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis He, by His almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And as an earnest of the place,
Has His own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon His word;
And while the body is our home
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

311 C. M.

1 How short the race our friend has run,
Cut down in all his bloom;
The course but yesterday begun,
Now finished in the tomb.

2 "Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O, man of woman born;
Thy doom is written, dust thou art,
To dust thou shalt return."

3 Thou blooming youth, hence learn how soon
Thy years may end their flight;
Long, long before life's brilliant noon,
May come death's gloomy night.

4 And now, O, Lord, reveal Thy grace,
The youthful hearts to gain,
And make them early seek Thy face,
And never seek in vain.

312 L. M.

1 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,
An empty tale—a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

2 Our age to seventy years is set,
How short the term ! how frail the state;
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

3 But, O, how oft Thy frown appears
And cuts off our expected years ;
Thy frown awakes our humble dread,
We fear the power that strikes us dead.

4 Teach us, O, Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span ;
'Till we Thy great salvation see,
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

313 C. M. *Watts.*

1 O, for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips shall sing,
Where is thy boasted victory, grave,
And where the monster's sting ?

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure—
Death hath no sting beside ;
The law gives sin its killing power
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

314 C. M.

1 And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die!
My soul shall quit this mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down
And smile at toil and pain;
I'll suffer on my three-score years,
Till my Deliverer come
And wipe away His servant's tears,
And take His exile home.

3 Oh, what hath Jesus done for me!
Before my raptured eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise.
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They are all robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 Oh, what are all my sufferings here
If Lord, Thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host to appear
And worship at Thy feet?
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

315 8s. 4s.

1 Every moment brings me nearer
To my long-sought rest above;
Higher mounts my soul and higher,
Oh, how happy to remove!
Then, forever,
I shall sing redeeming love.

2 Soon shall I be gone to glory,
Join the bright, angelic race;
There repeat the pleasing story,
I was saved by sovereign grace;
And forever,
View my loving Savior's face.

3 Though my burden sore oppress me,
And I shrink beneath my pain,
Jesus, He will soon release me,
And your loss will be my gain;
Precious Savior,
With my Lord I shall remain.

316 8s. 4s.

1 When for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
The distant hills of Canaan rise—
The soul, for joy, now spreads her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore;
The tree of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream—
Again for joy she spreads her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm going home.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the veil,
And now for joy she folds her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home.

317 8s. 9s.

1 My buried friends can I forget,
Or must the grave eternal sever?
They linger in my memory yet
And in my heart they live forever.

They loved me once with love sincere;
And never did their love deceive me;
But often in my conflicts here,
They rallied quickly to relieve me.

2 I fain would weep—but what of tears?
No tears of mine could e'er recall them;
Nor would I wish that grov'ling cares,
No cares like mine, should e'er befall them.
They rest in realms of light and love,
They dwell upon the Mount of Glory:
They bask in beams of bliss above,
And shout to tell their happy story.

3 I heard them bid the world adieu,
I saw them on the rolling billow;
Their far-off home appeared in view,
While yet they pressed a dying pillow.
I heard the parting pilgrim tell
While passing Jordan's stormy river,
"Adieu to earth, for all is well,
Now all is well with me forever."

4 O, how I long to join their wing,
And range their fields of blooming flowers;
Come, holy watchers, come and bring
A mourner to your blissful bowers.
I'd speed with rapture on my way;
Nor would I pause at Jordan's river;
With songs I'd enter endless day,
And live with my loved friends forever.

318 P. M.

1 Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O, quit this dying frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight;
Drowns my spirit—draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O, grave, where is thy victory?
O, death, where is thy sting?

319 C. M. *Toplady.*

1 'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope
That when the change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold Him and adore;
Be in His likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

3 Shall see Him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, His merits fresh
As though but newly slain.

4 These eyes shall see Him in that day,
The Christ that died for me;
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to Thee?

5 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above,
In Jesus' presence know.

6 O, may the sanction of these truths
Forever with us stay,
Till from her sinful cage dismissed.
My spirit flies away.

320 C. M.

1 Hear what the voice from heaven declares
To those in Christ who die:
"Released from all their earthly cares,
They'll reign with Him on high."

2 Then why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call us to His arms.

3 If sin be pardoned we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin condemning power,
But Christ, my Ransom, died.

4 The graves of all His saints He blessed,
When in the grave He lay;
And rising thence their hopes He raised
To everlasting day.

5 Then joyfully, while life we have,
In Christ our life we'll sing,
"Where is thy victory, O, grave?
And where, O, death, thy sting?"

321 S. M. *Watts*

1 Lord, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name.

2 Alas! the brittle clay
That built our body first;
And every month and every day
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'd keep their end in sight;
We'd spend them all in wisdom's ways,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'd waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

322 C. M. *Watts*

1 Lord, at Thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Savior here—
O, make our joys the same.

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was filled,
When fondly, in his withered arms,
He clasped the holy Child.

3 Now, I can leave this world, he cried,
Behold, Thy servant dies;
I've seen Thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 This is the light prepared to shine
Upon the Gentile lands;
Thine, Israel, glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands.

323 C. M.

1 What is it for a saint to die,
That we the thought should fear?
'Tis but to pass the heavenly sky,
And leave pollution here.

2 True, death's cold stream is wondrous deep,
And heaven's walls are high;
But He that guards us while we sleep
Can guide us when we die.

3 A parting world, a gaping tomb,
Corruption and disease,
Are thorny paths to heaven, our home,
The place of endless bliss.

4 Eternal glory just before,
And Jesus waiting there,
A heavenly gale to waft us o'er.
What have the saints to fear?

324 C. M. *Steele.*

1 When those we love are snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth impressed
With awful power—I, too, must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour—
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, Thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

325 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Why do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all His saints He blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly
At the great rising day.

326 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Death can not make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shades,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my creator bid,
And run, if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top
And view the heavenly land,
My flesh itself would long to drop
And pray for the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

327 C. M. *Watts.*

1 My soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow, gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.

3 O, could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then we should see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh
These fetters, and this load;
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come;
And pray and wish ourselves away
To our eternal home.

328 C. M. *W. Thompson.*

(*Sung by his request while on his death-bed.*)

1 Time like a fleeting shadow flies—
My house of clay must fall;
This tabernacle must decay
And vanish as a scrawl.

2 My youth and age, my months and years
Like grass and flowers decay;
Before the mower's scythe of death
They soon will pass away.

3 But far beyond death's gloomy vale
A heavenly building stands,
Prolific streams of glory flow
In those celestial lands.

4 To that bright world, that home above,
My longing spirit soars;
Where God, my heavenly Father, lives
And every saint adores.

5 Then let this earthly mansion fall,
And set my spirit free;
Why should I wish to stay below
And stay so long from Thee?

6 Let all my fleeting moments pass,
  Earth's painted toys may fade;
O, Jesus, my eternal life,
  Support me through the shade.

7 Then to that world of light and love
  Immortal and divine,
Bring this poor pilgrim from the tomb—
  This trembling soul of mine.

329 8s. 7s. *S. F. Smith.*

1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
  Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
  As it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
  Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
  Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
  Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
  He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
  When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
  Where no farewell tears are shed.

330 L. M. *J. N. Brown.*

1 Go, spirit of the sainted dead,
Go to thy longed-for, happy home,
The tears of man are o'er thee shed,
The voice of angels bids thee come.

2 If be not in length of days,
In silvered locks and furrowed brow,
But living to the Savior's praise,
How few have lived so long as thou!

3 Though earth may boast one gem the less,
May not e'en heaven the richer be,
And myriads on thy footsteps press
To share thy blest eternity?

331 8s. 7s.

1 Brother, rest from sin and sorrow,
Death is o'er and life is won;
On thy slumber dawns no morrow,
Rest, thine earthly race is run.

2 Brother, wake, the night is waning;
Endless day is round thee poured,
Enter thou, the rest remaining
For the people of the Lord.

3 Brother, wake, for He who loved thee—
He who died that thou mightst live—
He who graciously approved thee,
Waits thy crown of joy to give.

4 Fare thee well, though woe is blending,
With the tones of earthly love,
Triumph high, and joy unending,
Wait thee in the realms above.

332 C. M. *Steele.*

1 Life is a span—a fleeting hour:
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease then, fond Nature, cease thy tears;
Thy Savior dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears;
There joys shall never die.

333 8s.

1 'Tis finished! the conflict is past,
The heaven-born spirit is fled;
Her wish is accomplished at last,
And now she's entombed with the dead.

The months of affliction are o'er,
The days and the nights of distress;
We see her in anguish no more—
She's gained her happy release.

2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now;
For death to her spirit was gain,
Since Christ was her life when below.
Her soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love.

3 The victory now is obtained;
She's gone her dear Savior to see;
Her wishes she fully has gained—
She's now where she longed to be.
Then let us forbear to complain
That she has now gone from our sight;
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and redoubled delight.

334 7s.

1 Mary to the Savior's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard His welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice.
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day.
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake
He will wipe your tears away

335 C. M.

1 Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'ring and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

336 C. M.

1 My head and stay is called away,
And I am left alone;
My husband dear, who was so near,
Is fled away and gone.

2 It breaks my heart, 'tis hard to part
With one who was so kind;
Where shall I go to vent my smart,
Or ease my troubled mind?

3 In wisdom's ways we spent our days,
Much comfort we did find;
But he is gone, in dust he lays,
And I am left behind.

4 Naught can I find to ease my mind,
In things which are below;
For earthly toys but vex my joys,
And aggravate my woe.

5 But I'll repair to Jesus, where
I'll ease my troubled breast;
To Christ above, who is my Lord,
And my eternal rest

6 And, O, that He would send for me,
And call my spirit home,
To worlds of rest, among the blest,
Where troubles never come.

337 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Must friends and kindred droop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?

2 Be Thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our Helper and our Friend;
Nor leave us in this dangerous road
Till all our trials end.

3 O, may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led;
With love and holy zeal obey
The councils of the dead.

4 Let us be weaned from all below,
Let hope our grief expel,
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

338 S. M. *Watts.*

1 And must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer lives.
And often from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust
Till He shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' saving love;
We would adore His grace below,
And sing His power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these, our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

339 L. M.

1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept, God's dying Son,
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O, earth, His sovereign word;
Restore Thy trust, a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

340 8s. 7s.

"ABIDE WITH ME."

1 Tarry with me, O, my Savior,
For the day is passing by!
See the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Many friends were gathered round me
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here at last.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances—
Shall it be the night of rest?

4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness!
While I sleep, still watch by me.

5 Tarry with me, O, my Savior!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

341

1 The Bible reveals a glorious land,
Where angels and glorified spirits dwell;
Where pleasures ne'er end at God's right hand,
And anthems of praises forever swell.

CHORUS—In that glorious land, what a happy band;
Ere long we shall stand and sing with them,
In the city of God, Jerusalem.

2 Outgushing beneath the throne of God,
And of the blest Lamb, at His right hand,
There runneth the crystal stream of life;
A fountain of joy in that glorious land.

3 In the midst of the street on either side,
The tree of life arching the way o'ershades
With health-giving foliage far and wide,
No sickness this glorious land invades.

4 Twelve manner of fruit hang pendant there,
And those who partake shall never die;
With Jesus they dwell and ever share,
The joys of that glorious land on high.

5 Then come, my dear brethren, let us haste
To finish our work with unfaltering hand
And soon the sweet joys of heaven we'll taste
With all the redeemed in that glorious land.

342 C. M. *Watts.*

1 How short and hasty is our life,
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from high invites us home,
But we march heedless on;
And ever hasting to the tomb
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race
And see salvation nigh.

343 7s.

1 Fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Smiling solace of an hour;
Soon our transient comforts fly;
Pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Lovely babe, how brief thy stay!
Short and hasty was thy day;
Ending soon thy sojourn here,
Pain or grief no more to bear.

Hard it is from thee to part!
Though it rend my aching heart,
Since an heir to glory's gone,
Let the will of God be done.

4 Pillowed on a Savior's breast,
Sweetly sleep and softly rest;
When the joyful summons come,
Rise and soar to heaven, your home.

5 There we'll meet to part no more
On fair heaven's peaceful shore;
There we'll fix their blessed abode
With our Savior and our God.

344 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Our days, alas! our mortal days,
Are short and wretched, too;
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men;
And pains and sins run through the round
Of three-score years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin and months of woe,
Ye can not fly too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

345 C. M.

1 Come, my dear friends, and mourn with me,
In my afflicted state;
I am bereaved, as you may see,
Of my dear loving mate.

2 Her heart was bound with mine by love,
Good works for to maintain;
But she is gone to Christ above,
Forever there to reign.

3 My loss is great—to lose my mate;
I'm like the lonesome dove;
I'll go alone, and sigh and mourn
My dear and absent love.

4 My children cry, no mother by
To take them on her knee;
The breach is great. it doth create
Much grief, as all may see.

5 But why should I lament my case,
Since God hath thought it best
To take her soul from hence away
To its eternal rest?

6 Since it is so, let sorrows go;
My God hath sent His rod.
He doth His will, I must be still,
And know that He is God.

346 6s. 7s.

1 There's a region above
Free from sin and temptation,
And a mansion of love
For each heir of salvation.
Then dismiss all thy fears,
Weary pilgrims of sorrow;
Though thy sun set in tears,
'Twill rise brighter to-morrow

2 There our toils will be done,
And free grace be our story,
God Himself be our sun
And our unsetting glory.
In that world of delight
Spring shall never be ended,
Nor shall shadows nor night
With its brightness be blended.

3 There shall friends no more part,
Nor shall farewells be spoken;
There'll be balm for the heart
That with anguish was broken.
From affliction set free,
And from God ne'er to sever,
We His glory shall see,
And enjoy Him forever.

347 7s.

1 Angels, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey.
See! the Savior leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

2 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
See Him high in glory rise!
Ranks of angels, on the road,
Hail Him—the incarnate God.
Heaven unfolds its portals wide—
See the Conqueror through them ride!
King of Glory, mount Thy throne—
Boundless empire is Thine own.

348 7s.

1 Morning breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus scatters all its gloom.
Day of triumph through the skies—
See the glorious Savior rise!
Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away—
See the place where Jesus lay.

349 7s.

1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumph high;
Sing, ye heavens; thou, earth, reply.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more!

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise—
Christ hath opened paradise.
Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O, death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

3 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!
King of glory, Fount of bliss,
Everlasting life is this;
Thee to know, Thy power to prove.
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

350 C. M.

1 Ye mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly parent nigh.

3 Though, your young branches torn away,
Like withered trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touch'd by the Almighty's hand.

4 "Ill give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place;
No names of daughters and of sons
Could yield so high a grace.

5 "Transient and vain is every hope
A rising race can give;
In endless honor and delight
My children all shall live."

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which Thy face we see;
And bless those wounds which through our hearts
Prepare a way for Thee.

351 C. M.

1 O, Lord, it seemeth good to Thee
To take my infant dear;
I hope it will work good for me,
And cause me Thee to fear.

2 To show me that I should not prize
Nothing on earth so high
As Thee, the sov'reign Lord of all,
That rules the earth and sky.

3 O, Lord, my follies I have seen,
And grief has filled my heart;
My troubles rose when Thou didst call
My babe from me to part.

4 O cease, fond nature, cease to mourn,
And let my Savior's will
Be mine in all things here below,
Then should I fear no ill.

5 Now, Lord, I humbly would resign
Myself into Thy care;
Prepare my heart to worship Thee
In faith, with godly fear.

6 O, may I meet my babe above,
In heaven among the blest;
That I may praise Thy holy name,
Who saved its soul by grace.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

352 C. M. *Hegenbotham.*

1 Come, humble souls! ye mourners come,
And wipe away your tears;
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.

2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Savior's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme
In loftier strains above.

3 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

4 Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

5 Transporting hope! still in my soul
Let thy sweet glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys
Immortal and divine.

353 11s. *Aaron H. Cole.*

1 To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,
And go from my home, it affects not my heart,

Like thoughts of absenting myself for a day
From that blessed retreat where I've chosen
to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the vine and the poplar have spread,
And wove with their branches a roof o'er my head,
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And poured out my soul to my Savior in prayer.

3 How sweet were the zephyrs, perfumed with the pine,
The ivy, the olive, and the wild eglantine;
Yet sweeter, O, sweeter, superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

4 'Twas under the covert of that blessed grove
That Jesus was pleased my guilt to remove;
Presenting himself as the only true way
Of life and salvation, and taught me to pray.

5 The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale
That dwelt in my bower I observed as my bell
To call me to duty; and birds of the air
Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.

6 And Jesus, my Savior, oft deigned there to meet,
And bless with His presence my lonely retreat;
Oft filled me with rapture and peacefulness there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.

7 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
Well knowing my Savior is found everywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

8 Although I may never revisit thy shade,
Yet oft will I think of the vows I there made;
And when at a distance, my vows shall repair
To the place where my Savior first answered my prayer.

9 My blessed Redeemer, my Hope, and my All,
Will guide and direct me, when on Him I call,
And when I am dying, he'll be with me there,
And take me to heaven, in answer to prayer.

354 C. M.

1 Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O, the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into Thy protection take,
And gather with Thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour
Unless he first divide.

5 O, do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in Thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die,
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

355 L. M.

1 Self-righteous souls on works rely,
And boast their moral dignity;
But if I lisp a song of praise,
Each note shall echo grace, free grace.

2 Grace! 'tis a most delightful theme;
'Tis grace that rescues guilty man:
'Tis grace divine, all-conquering, free,
Or it had never rescued me.

3 'Twas grace that quickened me when dead,
And grace my soul to Jesus led;
Grace brought me pardon for my sin,
And grace subdues my lusts within.

4 'Tis grace that sweetens every cross,
And grace supports in every loss.
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong—
Grace is my shield, and grace my song.

5 'Tis grace defends when danger's near;
By grace alone I persevere;
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love,
And grace will bear me safe above.

6 O, grace, free grace alone I boast,
And 'tis in grace alone I trust;
And when I rise to heaven, my home,
I'll shout free grace, free grace, alone.

356 L. M. *Bedome.*

1 Jesus, engrave it on my heart,
That Thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from Thee.

2 Needful art Thou to make me live,
Needful art Thou all grace to give,
Needful to guide me lest I stray,
Needful to help me every day.

3 Needful is Thy most precious blood;
Needful is Thy correcting rod;
Needful is Thy indulgent care,
Needful is Thy all-prevailing prayer

4 Needful Thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford;
Needful Thy promise to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

5 Needful art Thou to be my stay
Through all life's dark and stormy way;
Nor less in death Thou'lt needful be,
When I yield up my soul to Thee.

6 Then shall my soul with joy supreme,
Dwell on the dear, delightful theme:
Glory and praise be ever His—
The one thing needful, Jesus is.

357 L. M.

1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye guilty, He'll forgive;
Arise, ye needy, He'll relieve.

2 Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis given;
Ask, and He turns your hell to heaven.
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins, He blushed in blood,
He closed His eyes to show us God.
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love could show.

4 'Tis Thee I love; for Thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to the spring I fly,
I drink, but yet am ever dry;
Ah, who against Thy charms is proof?
Ah, who that loves can love enough?

358 C. M.

1 To Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring;
When He's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?

2 Survey the beauties of His face,
And on His glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of His grace,
And all His triumphs tell.

3 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon His awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

5 He saw me plung'd in deep distress—
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

359 S. M.

1 Up, haste to Calvary:
My soul a journey take,
To view the Lord 'twixt earth and sky
Without the city gate.

2 Before His bloody cross
I'd bow and kiss the ground—
'Twas there my guilt and woe I lost,
A ready pardon found.

3 Lord, tune anew my strings,
Now on the willow dry,
Take off my thoughts from earthy things,
Bind them to Calvary.

4 For glorious is the place,
Though 'tis without the gate;
There, Lord, I'll sing redeeming grace,
And for Thy blessing wait.

360 C. M.

1 O, land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell with Christ at home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.

4 I should at once have quit the field
Where foes and fury roam;
But ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground
And dwell with Christ at home.

361 IIs.

1 I would not weep alway, though many a tear
Must fall on life's pathway, so lonely and drear;
But e'en in the desert love's fountain is free,
And Mercy's sweet words are as manna to me.

2 I would not smile alway, for oft on the air,
Comes the deep sigh of anguish, the voice of despair,
Yet e'en for the wretched, whose hopes are all riven,
Still, still, there is joy, there is rapture in heaven.

3 I would not fear alway, though error's dark cloud
Gather thick, the blest beacon of faith to enshroud;
The bright sun of righteousness shines thro' the gloom,
And the rainbow of promise o'erreaches the tomb.

4 But I would hope alway, till o'er my wrapt soul
The waves of fruition unceasing roll;
Then, then shall this restless, worn spirit be free;
My Savior, 'tis waiting a summons from Thee.

362 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

363 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful gleam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And broke our dreadful chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak.

6 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

364 P. M.

1 Hear the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature.

CHORUS—Jesus reigns, He reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns.

See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying;
Mourning souls, here's rest forever,
Now revealed in Christ, the Savior.

3 Here, ye sons of grief and sorrow,
With your weight of guilt and terror,
Here is life and free salvation,
Published to every nation.

4 For His people Jesus died,
And for them was crucified;
Conquer'd death, and rose to heaven;
Life eternal's in Him given.

5 Christ can cleanse and make you holy,
Save you from your sins and folly,
Make you live and rest forever
With a gracious God and Savior.

6 Souls renewed of every nation
To the bounds of the creation,
Sing the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty King of Zion.

7 Lord, to praise Thee we aspire,
Raise our hearts and voices higher;
Still with joyful acclamation
Praise the Prince of our salvation.

8 Sing, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ is our complete redemption;
May we sing the joyful story
In the brighter worlds of glory.

365 11s.

1 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wander through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O, Savior, direct me to heaven, my home.

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false, glowing charms,
The Savior invites me, I'll go to His arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O, there may I feast with His children at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O, Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.

4 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on My throne,
And dwell in My presence, forever at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O, there I shall rest with the Savior at home.

5 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be
o'er,
The saints shall unite, to be parted no more;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high
dome,
They dwell with the Savior forever at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Savior forever at home.

366 L. M. *Watts.*

1 My spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is His throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for His salvation waits.

2 Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before His face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

367 8s. 7s.

1 Jesus wept! those tears are over,
But His heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother
Is His everlasting name.
Savior who can love like Thee,
Gracious one of Bethany?

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Truly none can feel like Thee,
Weeping one of Bethany.

3 Jesus wept, and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear,
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same shall ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany.

368 S. M.

1 Come, ye that fear the Lord,
And listen while I tell
How narrowly my feet escaped
The snares of death and hell.

2 The flatt'ring joys of sense
Assailed my foolish heart,
While satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the pois'nous dart.

3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish roused me into life,
And pleasure sprang from pain.

4 Darkness, shame and grief,
Oppressed my gloomy mind;
I looked around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

5 At length to God I cried,
He heard my plaintive sigh;
He heard, and instantly He sent
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head He raised,
My bleeding wounds He healed;
Pardoned my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon sealed.

7 O, may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God,
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

369 P. M.

1 See the fountain opened wide,
That from pollution frees us,
Flowing from the wounded side
Of our Immanuel, Jesus.

CHORUS—Ho! every one that thirsts,
Come ye to the waters,
Freely drink, and quench your thirst
With Zion's sons and daughters.

2 Dying sinners, come and try—
These waters will relieve you;
Without money come and buy,
For Christ will freely give you.

3 He who drinks shall never die;
These waters fail him never;
Sinners, come, and now apply,
And drink and live forever.

4 Weeping Mary, full of grief,
Came begging for these waters;
Jesus gave her full relief
With Zion's sons and daughters.

5 See the woman at the well,
Conversing with the Savior;
Soon she found that He could tell
The whole of her behavior.

6 When she asked and she obtained
A drink, her heart was flaming;
Thus the gift divine she gained,
And ran to town proclaiming.

7 The thief had only time to think
And tell his doleful story;
Jesus gave him leave to drink—
He drank, and fled to glory.

370 8s. 7s. *Robinson.*

1 Sweet the moments rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinners' dying friend.
Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.
Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much, I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

371 IIS.

1 Thy mercy my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

2 Without Thy sweet mercy I could not live here;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But through Thy free goodness my spirits revive,
And He that first made me still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by Thy sunshine I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

4 The door of Thy mercy stands open all day,
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus' sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell,
Its glories I'll sing and its wonders I'll tell;
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when He hung on the tree,
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercy, Thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of Thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit whose whisper divine,
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

372 L. M. *Watts.*

1 Eternal Power! whose high abode
Becomes the Grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 The lowest step around Thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tallest angel tries
To reach Thine hight with wandering eyes.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
Who would adore our Maker, too;
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth from afar has heard Thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp Thy name
But O, the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God in heaven, but man below,
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

373 6s. 5s. *Newton.*

1 Though troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail and foes all unite–
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storenouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall not be denied,
So long as 'tis written the Lord will provide.

3 His call we obey, like Abraham of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;

For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

4 When satan appears to stop up our path
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He can not take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

5 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our spirits have tried,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

374 C. M. *Watts.*

1 I love the Lord; He heard my cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to His throne.

2 I love the Lord; He bowed His ear,
And chased my griefs away;
O, let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
He bade my pains remove;
Return my soul to God thy rest,
For thou hast known His love.

4 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to His praise I'll spend my breath
And my remaining years.

375 C. M. *Fawcett.*

1 Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtues know.

2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or ought the world bestows;
Not reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love
Be joined with Godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days,
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire,
Let warm affection rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

376 C. M. *Duncan.*

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race—
A remnant weak and small—
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all

377 C. M.

1 From all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
Wherever thou hast trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart
As fellowship with God.

4 When I am made in love to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear
Through fellowship with God.

5 And when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
O, may I yield my latest breath
In fellowship with God!

6 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain my blest abode,
There an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

378 C. M.

1 Behold the Shepherd's tender care
Towards the sheep that strays!
Throughout the desert waste and bare
He tracks its wandering ways.

2 So Jesus, while He sojourns here,
Amidst this waste of sin,
'Tis said He traveled far and near,
And sought His sheep therein.

3 To save from everlasting woe
An object of His care
Behold Him through Samaria go;
A sheep had wandered there.

4 Though they insult Him, as we read,
It matters not to Him;
Their names are found among that seed
That Jesus must redeem.

5 Amidst this flock beloved of God,
Manasseh we behold,
And though his fleece was stained in blood
He brought him to the fold.

6 Yea, from the dregs of sin and woe
Shall grace her trophies wave,
And each to glory safe shall go,
Whom God ordained to save.

379 7s. *Raffler.*

1 High in yonder's realm of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe.

3 Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic choirs above—
Hark! their song melodious rise—
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

380 C. M.

1 Didst Thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own Thy name
Or Thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

3 Let mockers scoff, let men defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glorify Thy name
And count their slander gain.

4 To Thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

381 L. M. *Newton.*

1 Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which He alone can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Savior's precious name
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May He by whose kind care we meet
Send His good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme
When christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us

5 We'll talk of all He did and said
And suffered for us here below;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.

6 Thus as the moments pass away
We'll love and wonder and adore;
And hasten to the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

382 S. M.

1 Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before Thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in His blood;
So I shall lift my head with joy
Among the sons of God.

3 Do Thou my sins subdue,
  Thy sovereign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
  And save me in Thy Son.

4 Let me attest Thy power,
  Let me Thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
  Of everlasting love.

383 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Salvation! O, the joyful sound,
  'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
  A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and sin,
  At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
  To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
  The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
  Conspire to raise the sound.

384 L. M.

1 How sad and awful is my state!
The very thing I do I hate;
When I to God draw near in prayer,
I feel the conflict even there.

2 I mourn because I can not mourn;
I hate my sin, yet can not turn;
I grieve because I can not grieve·
I hear the truth, but can't believe.

3 Yet, Lord, the blood which Thou hast spilt
Can make this rocky heart to melt;
Thy blood can make me clean within;
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.

4 On this rich blood my faith is found,
And on this hope I fix my ground;
Soon shall I reach th' eternal shore,
Where doubts and fears prevail no more.

385 C. M.

1 How hard and rugged is the road
To some poor pilgrim's feet;
In all they do, or think or say,
They opposition meet.

2 Others, again, more smoothly go;
Secured from hurts and harms,
The Savior leads them gently through,
Or bears them in His arms.

3 Faith and repentance all must find,
But yet we daily see
They differ in their time and kind,
Duration and degree.

4 Some long repent and late believe;
But when their sin's forgiven,
A clearer passport they receive,
And walk with joy to heaven.

5 Their pardon some receive at first,
And then, compelled to fight,
They feel the latter stages worst,
And travel much by night.

6 But to our conflict, short or long,
This commonly is true,
That wheresoever faith is strong,
Repentance is so, too.

386 C. M.

1 The Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt 'tis only pain
To find, I can not feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love Thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love Thy house of prayer;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O, make this heart rejoice or ache,
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break
And heal it, if it be.

387 L. M.

1 When Christ, the Lord, was here below,
About the work He came to do
Before He left His little band
He gave to them His great command.

2 Though fishing, Peter led the way,
But nothing caught till break of day;
Their folly checked, Jesus reclaims,
And says to Peter, feed My lambs.

3 Though Thomas was of doubtful mind,
Yet Jesus leaves him not behind;
Thomas, He saith, behold My hands,
And, Simon Peter, feed My lambs.

4 Though Simon once denied the Lord,
Departing from his former word,
Yet Christ, with all engaging charms,
Bids Peter still to feed His lambs.

5 Though men and devils all unite,
And earthly comforts fail us quite,
The holy promise still proclaims
That Christ will guard and feed His lambs.

6 Then, little children, do not fear,
For Jesus lives to answer prayer;
And doubting souls are in His hands,
And precious food for all the lambs.

7 But the best feast is kept above,
And there's the fullness of His love;
So run to Christ with all your might,
And I will try to keep in sight.

388 S. M.

1 I love my Savior, God,
Because He first loved me;
Because He shed His precious blood
To set my spirit free.

2 'Twas love my bosom felt,
And made me wipe my eyes,
When low before His throne I knelt
To pour my feeble cries.

3 Touched by His dying love,
I melted into grief;
Swift on the wings of love He moved,
And brought me sweet relief.

4 With my whole heart I love
The God that loved and bled;
Who left the shining realms above,
And suffered in my stead.

5 Who can forbear to love
A God so good and kind?
Sure He is worthy to be loved
By me and all mankind.

389 C. M. *Beddome.*

1 And must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for Thee?
It is but right, since Thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go! one look from Thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of honor, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with Thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

4 Savior of souls, could I from Thee
A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear,
And glory in my gain.

390 S. M. *Watts.*

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on heavenly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

6 Then, let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

391 7s. 6s.

1 O, when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with Him above,
And from the flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasure in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er;
His promises are faithful,
A righteous crown He'll give,
And all His valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you both adieu;
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended
He'll carry you above.

5 O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you want more knowledge
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will He upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

392 P. M.

1 When sorrows encompass me round,
And many distresses I see,
Astonished I cry, can a mortal be found
Surrounded with troubles like me?

2 Few seasons of peace I enjoy,
And they are succeeded by pain;
If e'er a few moments of praise I employ
I have hours and days to complain.

3 O, when will my sorrows subside,
O, when shall my sufferings cease?
O, when to the bosom of Christ be conveyed,
In the mansions of glory and bliss?

4 May I be prepared for that day
When Jesus shall bid me remove,
That I may in rapture go shouting away
To the arms of my heavenly love.

5 My spirit to glory conveyed,
My body laid low in the ground,
I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed;
Let all join in praising around.

6 No sorrow be vented that day
When Jesus hath called me home;
With singing and shouting, let each brother say,
He's gone from the evil to come.

7 If souls disembodied can know,
Or visit their brethren beneath,
My spirit shall join you while singing you go,
And leave all my cares in the grave.

8 Immersed in the ocean of love,
My soul like an angel shall sing,
Till Christ shall descend with a shout from above,
And make all creation to ring.

9 Our bodies in dust shall obey,
And swifter than thought shall arise;
Then changed in a moment, go shouting away
To mansions of love in the skies.

393 7s. *Ebenezer.*

1 When shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall sin and sorrow reign
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a burning sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship still unites our souls;
Still in fancy's wide domain,
Oft we all shall meet again.

3 When our burnished locks are gray,
Thinned by many a toil-spent day;
When around this youthful pine,

Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
Long may this loved bower remain,
Here may we all meet again.

4 When the dreams of life is fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

5 There shall we all be at rest,
Leaning on the Savior's breast;
There shall we forever be
Gazing on the Deity;
There shall we the Lamb adore,
There we'll meet to part no more.

394 8s. 9s.

1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of the pathway of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold.
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care;
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first born above,
But what must it be to be there?

5 Dear Lord, amid sorrow and care,
My spirit for heaven prepare,
That shortly I, also, may know
And feel what it is to be there.

6 There anthems of praise we will sing,
When safe in that haven of rest,
To Jesus, our Savior and King,
Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

395 *Robinson.*

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O, fix me on it—
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God!
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd His precious blood.

3 O, to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O, take and seal it—
Seal it for Thy courts above.

396

1 O, happy time, long waited for,
The comfort of my heart,
Since I have met the saints once more,
May we in union part.

2 Temptations cease to break my peace,
And all my sorrows die;
When I with you my love renew,
O, what a heaven I.

3 My sorrows past, and I, at last,
Have heavenly comforts found;
My heart to Jesus I have given,
And I'm for Canaan bound.

4 If fellowship with saints below,
Is to our souls so sweet,
What heavenly rapture shall we know
When round the throne we meet?

5 While here we sit and sing His love
With raptures so divine,
Our joys are more like their's above,
While in their songs we join.

6 Our hearts are filled with holy zeal,
We long to see the King;
We long to see those heavenly hills,
Where saints and angels sing.

397 6s. 5s.

1 O, tell me no more of this vain world's store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay, he calls thee away,
Rise, follow the Savior, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort, go after Him, go;

Lo, onward I move to see Christ above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin,
Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I can not tell why.

5 But this I do find, to Him I'm so join'd
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;
So this is the race I'm running thro' grace,
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now 'tis my care, my neighbors may share
These blessings; to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, Oh, why, and death will you lie,
When Jesus assures you free grace is so nigh.

398 6s. 5s

1 O, Jesus, my Savior, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the pleasures of life I'll resign,
Of objects most pleasing I love the best,
Without Thee I'm wretched, but with Thee I'm blest.

2 Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and my love,
No richer's possess'd by the angels above;
For Thee all the pleasures of sense I'll forego
And wander a pilgrim distressed below.

3 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find,
And when I was sinking in darkest despair,
My Savior relieved me and bid me not fear.

4 Tho' poor and despised, by faith I now stand,
Upheld and supported by heaven's kind hand;
In Jesus supported, I'll praise His dear name,
Regardless of censure, of praise or of blame.

5 I find Him in singing, I find Him in prayer,
In sweet meditation He always is near;
My constant companion, O, may we not part.
All glory to Jesus, He dwells in my heart.

6 If ever I loved, sure I love Thee, my Lord,
I love Thy dear people, Thy ways and Thy word;
I love all creation, I love sinners, too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe.

399 C. M. Sweet

1 Love is the sweetest bud that blows,
Its beauty never dies;
On earth among the saints it grows,
And ripens in the skies.

2 Pure glowing red, and spotless white
Its perfect colors are;
In Jesus all the sweets unite
And look divinely fair.

3 The finest flower that ever blowed,
Opened on Calvary's tree,
When Jesus' blood so freely flowed
For love of worthless me.

4 On heaven's bank supremely fair,
This wondrous flower blooms;
Transplanted to its native air,
And all the shore perfumes.

5 But not to heaven's shores confined,
The seeds from which it grows
Take root within the human mind,
And scent the church below.

6 And soon on yonder banks above,
Shall every blossom here
Appear a full, ripe flower of love,
Like Him transplanted there.

400 *Medley.*

1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing Thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving kindness, O, how free.

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O, how great.

3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O, how strong.

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O, how good.

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But tho' I have Him, oft forgot
His loving kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving kindness in the skies.

401 C. M. *Sennett*

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

402 C. M.

1 Hail, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despised His rich, unbounding grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.

3 Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place.

4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran—
"Almighty love, arrest that man;"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

5 Indignant justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."

6 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel form appeared;
She led me on, with gentle pace,
To Jesus as my hiding-place.

7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for our sinful race,
And thus became our hiding place.

8 Should storms of thundering vengeance roll,
And shake the globe from poll to poll,
No flaming bolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.

9 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the songs of grace,
And see my glorious hiding place.

403 8s. 6s. 5s.

1 How happy are they
Who their Savior obey,
And whose treasures are laid up above;
Tongue can not express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of the soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet
And the story repeat,
And the Savior of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O, that more his salvation might see.
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of His love
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation and pain!
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve—
That I ever should suffer again.

6 O, the rapturous hight
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!

Of the Savior possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
Overwhelm'd in the goodness of God.

7 Now, my remnant of days
Would I spend in His praise.
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem:
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due—
May they all be devoted to him

8 What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I,
Gathered into the fold,
With believers enroll'd,
With believers to live and to die

9 Lo! the day's drawing nigh
When, my soul, thou shalt fly
To the place thy salvation began;
Where the Three and the One,
Father, Spirit and Son,
Laid the scheme of redemption for man

404 7s. *Cowper.*

1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis the Savior, hear His word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to Thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 "I delivered thee, when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward a child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the hights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shall be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O, for grace to love Thee more!

405 C. M. *Newton*

1 Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear.
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be forever mine.

406 *Newton.*

1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I His, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard His name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Savior's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy His saints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhor'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon the work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

407 11s.

1 O, Jesus, my Savior, to Thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at Thy feet;
The sacrifice offered, my soul, flesh and blood;
Thou art my Redeemer, my Lord and my God.

2 I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, my Lord!
I love Thee, my Savior, I love Thee, my God.
I love Thee, I love Thee, and that Thou dost know,
But how much I love Thee I never can show.

3 I'm happy, I'm happy, O, wond'rous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;
I gaze on my treasures, and long to be there,
With angels, my kindred and Jesus, my dear.

4 O, Jesus, my Savior, in Thee I am blest;
My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest,
Thy grace is my theme, and Thy name is my song;
Thy love doth inspire my heart and my tongue.

5 All human expressions are empty and vain,
They can not unriddle the heavenly flame,
I am sure if the tongue of an angel I had,
I could not the mystery completely describe.

6 O, who is like Jesus! He's Salem's great King!
He smiles and He loves me, He learns me to sing!
I'll praise my dear Jesus, I love His dear name,
I'll love and I'll praise Him, when the world's in a flame.

408 8s. *Newton*

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers;
Have lost all their sweetness to me.
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my skies,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

409 8s. 6s. 5s. *Swain.*

1 O, Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,

My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost Thou at noontide resort with Thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 Or why should I wander an alien from Thee?
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The Star that on Israel shone;
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

5 This is my beloved, His form is divine;
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on His head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.

6 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow
That waters the garden of grace;

From which their salvation the Gentiles
shall know
And bask in the smiles of His face.

7 Love sits on His eyelids and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in His sight,
And praise Him with fullness of joy.

410 7s. *Benedict.*

1 Hail, ye followers of the Lamb,
Ye who love the Savior's name!
Who are cleansed by pardoning blood,
Go with us, the way is good.
Canaan's land we have in view,
While we on our way pursue;
March with joy the heavenly road,
Go with us—the way is good.
O, glory hallelujah, praise ye the Lord,
Praise Him in His bright abode.

2 Come, ye sinners, sick and sore,
Flee from sin and Satan's power;
Walk the path which Jesus trod,
Go with us—the way is good.
Leave the world, and seek the Lord.
Read and meditate His word;
Take it for your constant guide,
Go with us—the way is good.

3 Come ye aged, come ye young,
Every nation learn the song;
Sound your Savior's name abroad,
Go with us—the way is good.
Doubting souls, dismiss your fears;
Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Christ for you has shed His blood,
Go with us—the way is good.

4 Burden'd souls, oppress'd with grief,
Jesus freely grants relief;
He'll remove your heavy load,
Go with us—the way is good.
Needy sinners, doubt no more,
Jesus hath an ample store;
Richest wine, and choicest food;
Go with us—the way is good.

5 Ye who know your Savior's love,
Now your faithfulness approve;
Follow Him in Jordan's flood,
Go with us—the way is good.
Saints begin the heavenly song,
Join in concert every tongue;
Walk with joy the heavenly road,
Go with us—the way is good.

411 C. M. *Leland.*

1 That glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the rising sun.

2 The north and south their sons resign,
And earth's foundation bend,
When, like a bride, Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.

3 The King who wears that glorious crown,
The azure flaming bow,
The holy city shall bring down,
To bless the church below.

4 When Zion's bleeding, conquering King
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars together sing
And Zion shout for joy.

5 Let satan rage, and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long;
Though saints are feeble, weak and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong.

6 He is their shield and hiding place,
A covert from the wind;
A stream of light from Christ *the rock*,
Runs through this weary land.

7 A thousand years shall roll around
The church shall be complete;
Call'd by the glorious trumpet's sound,
Their Savior they shall meet.

8 They'll rise with joy and mount on high,
They'll fly to Jesus' arms;
And gaze with wonder and delight
On their beloved's charms.

412 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die,
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

413 7s. 6s. *Newton.*

1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death He found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compar'd with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.
'Tis palsey, plague and fever,
And madness, all combined,
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain,
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were crost.

4 At length this great Physician—
How matchless is His grace—
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;

First gave me sight to view Him—
For sin my eyes had seal'd—
Then bid me look unto Him;
I looked, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then to this, Physician,
His help He'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

414 7s. *Cowper.*

1 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Savior's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall,
But—with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet—
Lay me low, and keep me there

5 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisements by the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should be a castaway?

415 C. M.

1 There is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be passed;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.

3 While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair,
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

4 But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

416 7s.

1 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

417 L. M. *H. K. White.*

1 When marshalled on the nightly plain
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind, that toss'd my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangerous thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever and forever more,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

418 C. M. *Watts.*

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Or let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
'Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name,
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

419 C. M. *Newton.*

1 To those who know the Lord, I speak,
Is my beloved near?
Jesus, my friend, my soul doth seek—
Oh! when will he appear?

2 Tho' once a man of grief and shame,
Yet now He fills a throne;
And bears the greatest, sweetest name,
That earth or heav'n have known.

3 Grace flies before, and love attends
His steps where'er He goes;
Tho' none can see him but his friends,
And they were once His foes.

4 He speaks—obedient to his call
Our warm affections move;
If sinners did but know His love,
They all would love Him, too.

5 Then love in every heart would reign,
And war would cease to roar;
And cruel and blood thirsty men
Would thirst for blood no more.

6 Such Jesus is, and such His grace,
O, may He shine on you!
And tell Him when you see His face,
I love to see Him too.

420 C. M. *Newton.*

1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never, to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and owned the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail Him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I'll die that thou may'st live."

7 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed.

421 L. M.

1 I am a stranger here below,
And what I am 'tis hard to know;
I am so vile, so prone to sin,
I fear that I'm not born again.

2 When I experience call to mind,
My understanding is so blind,
All feeling sense seems to be gone
Which makes me fear that I am wrong.

3 I find myself out of the way;
My thoughts are often gone astray;
Like one alone I seem to be—
Oh, is there any one like me?

4 It's seldom I can even see
Myself as I would wish to be;
What I desire I can't attain,
And what I hate I can't refrain.

5 So far from God I seem to lie
Which makes me often weep and cry,
I fear at last that I shall fall;
For if a saint, the least of all.

6 I seldom find a heart to pray,
So many things step in my way;
Thus, filled with doubts, I ask to know
Come tell me, is it thus with you?

7 So, by experience, I do know
There's nothing good that I can do;
I can not satisfy the law,
Nor hope nor comfort from it draw.

8 My nature is so prone to sin,
Which makes my duty so unclean,
That when I count up all the cost—
If not free grace—then I am lost.

422 11¢

1 Come, children of heaven, and help us to sing
Loud anthems, and praises, to Jesus, our King.
His life it was given our souls to redeem,
And bring us to heaven, to dwell there with Him.

2 Not angels in glory, nor cherubs above,
Can fathom the fountain of infinite love;
Their wisdom can't search it—they can not tell why,
The sovereign of angels for sinners should die.

3 In the region of darkness, death. sorrow and pains,
We all lay in ruin, in prison and chains;
But Jesus has bought us with His precious blood;
'Tis a ransom provided to bring us to God.

4 Why then should we wish still to stay here below,
When rivers of pleasure in Paradise flow?
Eternally streaming in exquisite bliss,
And still we are feeling our joys to increase.

5 Then come, my dear brethren, count all things but loss,
Your treasure's in heaven, don't shrink from the cross.
Ye favorites of heaven, dear lambs of the fold,
Though devils surround you—be faithful and bold.

6 Consider the dangers that lie in your way,
The snares and temptations in this evil day,
But this we must suffer, and patient endure,
Till Jesus shall take us, where dangers are o'er.

7 Then with Him in glory we shortly shall reign,
Delivered from sorrow, temptations and pain.
To join with the angels and spirits divine—
In Jesus' image eternally shine.

423 P. M.

1 If life's pleasures charm thee, give them not thy heart,
Lest the gift ensnare thee from thy God to part;
His favor seek, His praises speak,
Fix here thy hope's foundation;
Serve Him—for He will ever be
The Rock of thy salvation.

2 If distress befall thee—painful though it be,
Let not grief befall thee—to thy Savior flee;
He ever near, thy prayer will hear,
And calm thy perturbation;
The waves of woe can ne'er o'erthrow
The Rock of thy salvation.

3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not distress;
Better comforts await thee — Christ will freely bless;
To Jesus flee—thy prop He'll be—
Thy heavenly consolation;
For griefs below can ne'er o'erthrow
The Rock of thy salvation.

4 Dangers may approach thee—let them not alarm,
Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from harm;

He near thee stands, with mighty hands,
To ward off each temptation;
To Jesus fly—He's ever nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.

5 Let not death alarm thee—shrink not from the blow,
For thy God will arm thee, and victory bestow;
For death shall bring to thee no sting—
The grave no desolation;
'Tis gain to die with Jesus nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.

424 7s.

1 Let Thy kingdom, blessed Savior,
Come, and bid our journey cease;
Come, O come, and reign forever,
God of love, and Prince of Peace.
Visit now Thy needy Zion,
See Thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night Thy lambs are crying—
Come, good Shepherd, feed Thy sheep.

2 Many follow men's inventions,
And neglect the Savior's laws;
Thence divisions and contentions
Wound the dear Redeemer's cause.
Saints, themselves, in sad declensions
Like the foolish virgins, sleep;
All are wrong, and in confusion—
Come, good Shepherd, feed Thy sheep.

3 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—few agree;
Jesus, let us hear Thee call us,
Aid us, Lord, to follow Thee;
Then we shall, whate'er encumbers,
Every hindrance overleap,
Fearing neither force nor numbers—
Come, good Shepherd, feed Thy sheep.

4 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us by Thy Holy Spirit,
Into all Thy sacred truth.
On Thy word of grace we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep;
Love's our banner, Christ's our leader,
Come, good Shepherd, feed Thy sheep.

5 Savior, still with courage arm us,
That we may not yield to fears;
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While Thy gracious aid is near.
Glory, glory be to Jesus!
At His name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and heals us—
Come, good Shepherd, feed Thy sheep

6 Hear the Prince of your salvation
Saying, fear not, little flock,
I myself am your foundation,
Ye are built upon this Rock.

Shun the paths of vice and folly,
O, beware of sin and sleep;
Look to me and be ye holy—
I delight to feed My sheep.

3 Christ, alone, our souls shall rest on,
Taught by Him we own His name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus—
How it doth our souls inflame.
Saints and angels chant the story,
Jesus all the flock will keep;
He hath led the way to glory,
And will thither bring His sheep.

425

1 How sweet to reflect on the joys that await me
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits in raptures that greet me
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blessed.

2 Encircled with light and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's eye unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of mercies unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of love.

3 While angelic legions with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
And saints as they flock from the regions terrestial,
In loud hallelujah's their voices shall raise.

4 Their songs of redemption that echo in heaven,
My soul would respond, to Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us to heaven, the Eden of Love.

5 Then hail, blessed state, hail, ye songsters of glory,
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,
To join your full choir, in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow, thro' Jesus' love.

6 Though prisoned on earth, yet by antici-tion,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from this station—
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of Love.

426 8s. 7s.

1 Well may Thy servants mourn, my God,
The churches' desolation;
The state of Zion calls aloud,
For grief and lamentation.
Once she was alive to Thee,
And thousands were converted,
But now a sad reverse we see.
Her glory is departed.

2 Her pastors love to live at ease—
They covet wealth and honor;
And while they seek such things as these,
They bring reproach upon her.
Such worthless objects they pursue,
Warmly and undiverted;
The church they lead, and ruin, too—
Her glory is departed.

3 Her private members walk no more
As Jesus Christ has taught them;
Riches and fashion they adore—
With these the world has bought them.
The christian name they still retain,
Absurdly and false-hearted,
And while they in the church remain,
Her glory is departed.

4 And has religion left the church,
Without a trace behind her?
Where shall I go? Where shall I search.
That I once more may find her?

Adieu, ye proud, ye light and gay,
I'll seek the broken-hearted,
Who weep when they of Zion say,
Her glory is departed.

5 Some few, like good Elijah, stand,
While thousands have revolted;
In earnest for the heavenly land,
They never yet have halted.
With such, religion doth remain,
For they are not perverted;
O, may they all through them regain
The glory that's departed.

427 P. M.

1 I love the holy Son of God,
Who once this vale of sorrow trod,
And bore my sins—a heavy load—
Up Calvary's gloomy mountain.
There, on the cross, He mournful hung,
The scorn of many an impious tongue,
While pain extreme His nature wrung,
As flowed life's crimson fountain.

2 The sun would not behold the scene,
But round him drew night's sable screen;
Nature was dressed in mourning mien,
And sighed when Jesus suffered;
But, Oh! His persecutors stood,
A cruel, hellish, viperous brood,
Unawed to see His gushing blood,
And scoffing insults offered.

3 O, why did not His anger burn,
And floods of vengeance on them turn?
Amazing scene! His bowels yearn,
In soft compassion o'er them;
No fury kindled in His eyes,
They burn with love, and when He dies,
"Father, forgive," the sufferer cries,
And makes excuses for them.

4 How ardent ought my love to be
For Him who did so much for me;
My constant service, faithful, free,
My ransom powers employing.
I ought His cross with pleasure bear
And place my all of glorying there;
In His reproach most gladly share,
In tribulation joying.

428 8s. 7s.

1 There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain,
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that on earth is heaven,
But where I first my Savior found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunders roar,
Beneath, the waves' commotion.

Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error!

3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me,
And cried, "O, save me, Lord, from death!
Immortal Jesus, hear me!"
Then, quick as thought, I felt Him mine,
My Savior stood before me;
I saw His brightness round me shine,
And shouted, "Glory, glory!"

4 O, sacred hour! O, hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee!
And when from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

429

1 In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care;
From the ends of the earth, unto Thee will I cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,
Higher than I, higher than I—
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan, the tempter, comes in with a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I'll pray to the Savior, who kindly did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,
Higher than I, etc.

3 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
Clad in Jesus' pure righteousness, let me appear;
In the swellings of Jordan, on Thee I'll rely,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I,
Higher than I, etc.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
When the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
With bright millions I'll join far above yonder sky,
To praise the dear Rock that is higher than I,
Higher than I, etc.

430

1 I have sought round this verdant earth for unfading joy,
I have tried every source of mirth, but all, all will cloy;

Lord, bestow on me grace to set my spirit free,
Thine the praise shall be mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wandered in mazes dark, of doubt and distress,
I have not had a kindly spark my spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief filled my laboring soul with grief;
What shall give relief? What shall give peace?

3 I turned to Thy gospel, Lord, from folly away,
I trusted in Thy holy word, which taught me to pray;
Here I found release, wearied spirit here found peace,
Hopes of endless bliss, eternal day.

4 I'm a stranger and pilgrim here in this world of woe,
But I find my Redeemer near, as onward I go;
Jesus is my friend, He will be with me to the end,
And from foes defend my path below.

5 I have heard my Redeemer say, "My promise is sure,
I have taught thee to watch and pray—all hardness endure."
Jesus, be my guide, in Thy promise I'll confide;
Keep me near Thy side, my life, my way.

6 I will praise Thee, my Heavenly King, I'll praise and adore,
My heart's richest tribute bring to Thee, God of power;
And in heaven above, saved by Thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move forevermore.

7 Hallelujahs through heaven will ring, Salvation the theme;
Glory, honor, and praise we'll sing to God and the Lamb;
Crowns of glory wear, palms of victory we shall bear;
Shouts of triumph there never shall end.

431 6s. 4s.

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine.
Now hear me when I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh! let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A burning fire,

3 When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, then in love,
Fear and distress remove,
Oh! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

432 7s. *Topiady.*

1 Rock of Ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no respite know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked come to Thee for dress;
Helpless look to Thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes are closed in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in Thee!

433 Is.

1 O, Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm;
But skillful's the Pilot who sets at the helm;

His wisdom conducts thee, his power defends
In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.

3 "O, fearful! O, faithless!" in mercy He cries,
"My promise, My truth, are they light in thy eyes!
Still, still I am with thee, My promise shall stand;
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

4 "Forget thee I will not, I can not, thy name
Engraved on my heart, doth forever remain;
The palms of my hands, while I look on, I see
The wounds I received while suffering for thee."

5 "I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones!
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 "Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, secure is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."

7 "The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer;
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing.

434 7s. *Swain.*

1 Brethren, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end.
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, 'come home.'"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part;
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, 'come home.'"

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet;
None betray us into sin
Like the foes that dwell within.
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace;
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, 'come home.'"

435 L. C. M.

1 Awaked by Sinia's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
O'erwhelmed with sin, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe.

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

3 Then to the law I, trembling, fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find.
This fearful truth increased my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus, the Savior, passed that way,
And felt His pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now, by His grace, is born again.
And sings redeeming love.

6 To heaven the joyful tidings flew;
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise;
All hail the Lamb who once was slain!
Unnumbered millions born again,
Will shout Thy endless praise.

436 8s. 7s.

1 God is love; His mercy brightens
All along the path in which we rove;
Bliss He makes, and woe He lightens—
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never—
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth—
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth,
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth—
God is wisdom, God is love.

437 L. M. *Swain.*

1 And am I blessed with Jesus' love?
And shall I dwell with Him above?
And will the joyful period come
When I shall call the heavens my home?

2 Think, O, my soul! what must it be—
A world of glorious minds to see;
Drink at the fountain-head of peace,
And bathe in everlasting bliss.

3 To hear them all at once proclaim
Eternal glories to the Lamb;
And join, with joyful heart and tongue,
That new, that never-ending song.

4 And does the happy hour draw near,
When Christ will in the clouds appear,
And I, without a veil, shall see
The Man, the Christ, that bled for me?

5 If, in my soul, such joys abound,
While weeping faith explores the wound,
How glorious will those **scars** appear,
When perfect love forbids a tear!

6 Think, O, my soul! if 'tis so sweet
On earth to sit at Jesus' feet,
What must it be to wear a crown,
And sit with Jesus on a throne.

438

1 How happy is the man
Who has chosen wisdom's ways,
And measured out his span
To his God in prayer and praise.
His God and his Bible
Is all that he desires;
To holiness of heart and life,
He constantly aspires.
In poverty he's happy,
For he knows he has a friend
Who never will forsake him,
And on whom he can depend.

2 He rises in the morning,
With the lark he tunes his lays,
And offers up a tribute
To his God, in prayer and praise;
And then unto his labor
He cheerfully repairs,
In confidence believing
His God will hear his prayers.

Whatever he engages in,
At home, or far abroad,
His object is to honor
And to glorify his God.

3 In sickness, pain and sorrow,
He never will repine;
While he is drawing nourishment
From Christ, the living Vine.
When trouble presses heavily,
He leans on Jesus' breast,
And in His precious promises
He finds a quiet rest.
The yoke of Christ is easy,
The burden always light;
They never make him weary
While Canaan is in sight.

4 'Tis thus you have his history,
Through life, from day to day;
Religion is no mystery,
It is a beaten way;
And when upon his pillow
He lays him down to die,
His soul in hope rejoices,
For he Knows his God is nigh.
And, when life's lamp is flickering,
His soul, on wings of love,
Flies away to realms of glory,
To dwell with Christ above.

438 7s. 6s.

1 Arise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
To heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun—
Both speed them to their source:
Thus a soul, new born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn—
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Savior will return,
Triumphant, through the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

440 *Toplady.*

1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;

4 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of His grace
For all things to depend.

5 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
Directly, Lord, from Thee?

441 L. M. *Cennick.*

1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hope upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I'll view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment—
The King's highway of holiness—
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long hath been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, *I am the way!*"

5 Lo! glad I come! and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to Thee as I am!
My sinful self to Thee I give—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, *Behold the way to God!*

442 P. M.

1 There is a heaven above the skies,
A heaven, where pleasure never dies;
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again 'tis not for me.
But Jesus, Jesus is my friend,
O, hallelujah, hallelujah!
Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

2 I travel through a world of woes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
To reach fair Canaan's happy land.

3 There are the footsteps of my Lord—
There, on the cross, He bore my load;
'Twas on that dark, that doleful day,
With streaming blood He marked the way.

4 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in Jesus' arms.

5 Then, O, my soul! arise and sing,
Yonder's my Savior, Friend and King;
With pleasing smiles He now looks on,
And cries, Press on, and win the crown!

6 My flesh shall slumber under ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

443 L. M. *Medley.*

1 If worldlings ask the reason why
We do so often meet?
In love to them, we do reply,
To wait at Jesus' feet.

2 We tell them, 'tis our greatest joy
To meet, and sing, and pray,
The noblest rational employ,
Of each succeeding day.

3 To man in nature, this is strange,
For want of better light;
There must be an entire change,
To worship God aright.

4 Ah, did you know the joys we fe
In our despised way,
You, also, would a moment steal,
And join to sing and pray.

5 But if determin'd still to run
In ruin's mad career,
We must your ways and persons shun,
And weeping, leave you here.

6 We must press forward in the race
Appointed for our feet,
And long to see our Savior's face,
Where worship is complete.

444 S. M. *Newton.*

1 Beside the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From time to time, my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.

3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 O, would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal
He knows how long I've languished here,
And what distress I feel.

5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

7 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

8 No, He is full of Grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see His face,
To perish at His feet.

445 L. M. *Kelly.*

1 "Poor and afflicted," Lord, are Thine,
Among the great unfit to shine;
But, tho' the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange.

2 "Poor and afflicted;" yes, they are;
They're not exempt from grief and care;
But He who saved them by His blood,
Makes every sorrow yield them good.

3 "Poor and afflicted!" 'Tis their lot;
They know it, and they murmur not;
'Twould ill become them to refuse
The state their Master deign'd to choose.

4 "Poor and afflicted;" yet they sing,
For Jesus is their glorious King;
Thro' suff'ring perfect, now He reigns,
And shares in all their griefs and pains.

5 "Poor and afflicted." But, ere long,
They'll join the bright celestial throng,
Their suff'rings then will reach a close,
And heav'n afford them sweet repose.

6 And while they walk the thorny way,
They're often heard to sigh and say,
"Dear Savior, come, O, quickly come,
And take Thy mourning pilgrims home."

446 IIS.

1 In songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims for Zion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love from eternity fixed upon you,
Broke forth and discover its flame,
When each with the cords of His kindness He drew,
And brought you to love His great name.

3 O, had He not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms His love had ne'er felt;
You all would have lived, would have died, too, in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
"'Twas even so, Father," you ever must sing,
"Because it seemed good in Thy sight."

5 'Twas all of Thy grace we were brought to obey!
While others were suffered to go
The road which, by nature, we choose as our way,
Which leads to the regions of woe.

6 Then give all the glory to His holy name—
To Him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy to sound forth His fame,
And crown Him in each of your songs.

447

1 Come, let us anew,
Our journey pursue;
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream,
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone;
The mellenial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 O, that each in the day
Of His coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through—
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."
O, that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne."

448 12s.

1 You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Is the place of devotion—the house of the Lord.

2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the house of devotion—the season of prayer.

3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for my comrades the noble and sage;
But the frends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects of fame or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss!
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my God,
I will turn to thee often to hear from His word;

I will walk to the altar with those that I
love,
And delight in the prospect revealed from
above.

449

14s and 12s.

1 There was a little family lived up in Bethany
Two sisters and a brother composed this
family.
With prayer and with singing, like angels
in the sky,
At morning and at evening, they raised their
voices high.

2 They lived in peace and pleasure for many
lonely years,
And laid away their treasures beyond this
vale of tears;
Though poor, and without money, their
kindness made amends;
Their house was ever open to Jesus and his
friends.

3 Although they lived so happy, so kind,
so pure and good,
Their brother was afflicted, and by it thrown
in bed;
Poor Martha and her sister, they wept aloud
and cried,
But still he grew no better; he lingered on
and died.

4 The Jews came to the sisters, laid Lazarus
in the tomb,
And tried for to comfort, and drive away
their gloom.
When Jesus heard the tidings, far in a dis-
tant land,
So swiftly did He travel to see that lonely
band;

5 And while He was a-coming, Martha met
Him on the way,
And told Him that her brother had died
and passed away;
He bless'd and He cheered her, and told her
not to weep,
For in Him was the power to raise him
from his sleep.

6 Yet while He was a-coming, Mary met
Him, lonely, too—
Down at His feet a-weeping, rehearsed the
tale of woe!
When Jesus saw her weeping, He fell
a-weeping, too,
And wept until they showed Him where
Lazarus was entombed.

7 He rolled away the cover, and look'd
upon the grave,
And prayed unto His Father, His loving
friend to save;

And Lazarus, in full power, came from the
gloomy mound,
And in full life and vigor he walked upon
the ground.

8 So all you who love Jesus, and do His
holy will,
Like Mary, and like Martha, you'll always
use Him well;
He'll comfort and redeem you. and take you
to the skies,
And bid you live forever, where pleasure
never dies.

450 7s. 6s. 8s.

1 The sun above us gleaming,
Is not the sun for me;
Though joyful be his beaming,
And beautiful to see.
There is a Son of Righteousness,
Who cheers and saves me by His grace,
All copious on me streaming—
O, that's the Son for me.

2 The kings and lords of Nations,
Are not the kings for me;
Too low their highest stations,
Too mean their dignity.
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Almighty in His ways and words,
The word of His salvation—
O, that's the King for me.

3 This house of death and mourning
Is not the house for me,
Where all to dust are turning,
In tears and agony;
But there's a house, not made with hands,
It ever stood, and ever stands,
Beyond this world's last burning—
O, that's the house for me.

4 The wars the hero fights in
Are not the wars for me—
The war my heart delights in,
Shall end in victory;
'Tis not a war of flesh and blood—
A fight for heaven—I fight for God;
A kingdom with my rights in—
O, that's the war for me.

5 This land of sin and sorrow
Is not the land for me,
Where anguish oft I borrow
From dying company.
Th' immortal land is far away—
I'll enter it on some bright day,
That day may be to-morrow—
O, that's the land for me.

451 8s 7s.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to bear, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken—
Thou from hence my all shall be;

Perish every fond ambition—
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heaven are all mine own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hopes and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Friends may hate, and foes may scorn me,
Show Thy face, and all is right.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In Thy service, pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba, Father—
I have set my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather
All must work for good to me.

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation—
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do and bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what heavenly bliss is thine;
Think that Jesus died to save thee—
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

452 P. M.

1 Vain, delusive world, adieu!
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I'll pursue,
Who bought me with His blood.
All Thy pleasures I'll forego,
I trample on Thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain—
He tasted death for me;
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning Savior died;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest—
My fluctuating heart,
From the heaven of His breast
Shall never more depart.
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide.
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasures without end;
All my happiness be this,
On Jesus to depend;

Daily in His grace to grow,
And ever in His faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

5 O, that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove—
Show the length, and breadth and hight,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain would I to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

453 8s. 7s.

1 Dark and thorny is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their way;
But beyond this vale of sorrow
Lie the realms of endless day!
Dear young soldiers, do not murmur
At the troubles of the way—
Meet the tempest—fight with courage;
Never faint, but watch and pray.

2 He whose thunder shakes creation—
He that bids the planets roll,
He that rides upon the tempest,
And whose scepter sways the whole—
Jesus, Jesus will defend you;
Trust in Him, and Him alone;
He has shed His blood to save you,
And will bring you to His throne.

3 There, on flowery fields of pleasure,
And the hills of endless rest,
Joy, and peace, and love shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast;
There ten thousand flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises—
Glory, glory is their theme.

4 But, methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the crystal arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels love to sing.
Who can paint those sons of glory,
Ransomed souls that dwell on high,
Who with golden harps forever
Sound redemption through the sky.

5 See the heavenly hosts in rapture,
Gazing on these shining bands,
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hands;
There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransomed march along,
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo with their song.

6 Here I see the under-shepherds,
And the flock they fed below;
Here with joy they dwell together—
Jesus is their Shepherd now.

Hail, you happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to the blissful plain!
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Reign, sweet Jesus, ever reign!

454

1 Jesus, let Thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep.
False to Thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all its freeness shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Savior, Prince enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me through Thy pardoning love
The humble, contrite heart.
Give me what I've long implored,
A portion of Thy love unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And melt my heart of stone.

3 For Thine own compassion's sake
Thy gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind my back,
And wash me white as snow.
If Thy pity now is stirred,
If I now my sins bemoan,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 See me, Savior, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness and love
Drop from Thy gracious eye.
Speak the reconciling word,
And let Thy mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Look as when Thine eye pursued
The first apostate man;
Saw him weltering in his blood,
And bid him rise again.
Speak, my paradise restored,
Redeem me by Thy grace alone,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

6 Look as when Thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
"Father," at the point to die,
My Savior gasped, "forgive."
Surely, with that dying word
He turns and looks, and cries "'tis done."
O, my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone.

455 IIS.

1 Come, brethren and sisters, and hear me relate,
And I will inform you of my present state,

Though oft I have called sweet Jesus my
own,
I now feel dejected, like one left alone.

2 How backward in duty, how lifeless I be,
The smiles of my Savior how seldom I see
I scarcely in Zion can raise a sweet song—
My harp on the willow now seems to be hung.

3 I know prayer's a duty I owe to my Lord,
It is enjoined on me in His holy word,
But when I attempt it I've no heart to pray,
My thoughts are so wandering, and often
astray.

4 When I read the scriptures, instruction to
gain,
'Tis but a small portion that I can retain;
They seem so mysterious, so dark to my view,
I can't understand them—as I wish to do.

5 In all my performance how short I do fall;
I'm pining, I languish, and barren withal;
I seem like a tree that encumbers the ground:
The leaves make appearance, but no fruit is
found.

3 My moments are lonesome, small comfort
I find,
Dark clouds hover o'er me and darken my
mind;

The cold dreary winter with tempests do blow,
I'm chilled with the cold, and in darkness I go.

7 Disperse this thick darkness, O Jesus, my friend,
And cause this cold winter in summer to end;
Thy soul cheering presence to me now restore,
And give me my harp from the willows once more.

456 C. M.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fears oppressed
And make this last resolve.

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know His courts I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sov'reign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my pray'r;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

457

8s. 8s. 6s.

1 When Thou, my righteous Judge, shall come
To fetch Thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought!
What if my name should be left out
When Thou for them should call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace,
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this, th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then, loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heav'n's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

458 L. M. *Habak.*

1 I long to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home,
To taste the sweets of Jesus' love,
And seek the joys that are above.

2 Hark! how the glorious gospel sounds,
Inviting sinners all around;
Behold, your loving Savior stands,
And spreads for you His bleeding hands.

3 Attend, poor sinners, to His word;
Trust Him, aye, own Him as your Lord;
He'll wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.

4 A few more days, and you must go
To realms of joy or endless woe;
In worlds of light with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath His frowns to hell.

5 Come, then, poor sinners, council take,
And all your sinful ways forsake;
The world give o'er, leave friends behind—
In Christ you may redemption find.

6 Take your companions by the hand,
And your connections in a band,
And give them up at Jesus' call,
To pardon, bless and save them all.

7 Thus, when the day of Christ shall come,
And He collects His children home,
On Zion's mount you then shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.

8 O, what a glorious company;
May I be there that sight to see!
And join in praise to Jesus' name,
All glorious in Jerusalem.

459 8s. 7s. 4s. *Hart.*

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo, the incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture freely,

Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

460 IIS. IOS.

1 Hail the blest morn when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds, go worship the Lord in the manger,
Lo! for His guard, the bright angels attend.

CHORUS—Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Shine on our darkness and lend us your aid;
Star in the East, the horizon adorning,
Guides where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Lo, on His cradle the dew drops were shining,
Low lies His head with the beast of the stall,
Angels adore Him with slumbers reclining,
Maker, Redeemer and Savior of men.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, with costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, an offering divine,
Gems from the mountain and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

461 C. M.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O, how I long for thee;
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 If heav'n be thus, O, glorious Lord,
Why should I stray from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence.

4 Reach down, reach down Thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

5 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren, here below,
Will soon come after me.

6 My friends, I bid you all adieu;
I leave you in God's care,
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

7 There we shall meet, and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love in every heart
Shall tune the song free grace.

8 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

462 P. M.

1 The glorious light of Zion is spreading far and wide,
And sinners they are coming upon the gospel tide;

The conquest of King Jesus in glorious triumph rise,
And sinners crowd around him with grief, and weeping eyes.

2 The sufferings of the Savior upon Mount Calvary
Are sounding sweet to sinners, as we may plainly see;
And while the glorious message was circulating round,
Some souls exposed to ruin, redeeming grace have found.

3 And of that happy number I hope that I am one,
For Jesus will accomplish the work he has begun;
He'll cut it short in righteousness, and I'll forever be
A monument of mercy through all eternity.

4 I am but a young convert, who lately did enlist,
A soldier under Jesus, my Prophet, King and Priest;
I have received my bounty—with it my martial dress,
A ring of love and favor, a robe of righteousness.

5 Then down into the water, where the
yonng converts go,
We serve our Lord and Master in righteous
acts below;
We lay our sinful bodies beneath the yield-
ing wave,
An emblem of the Savior, when He lay in
the grave.

6 Poor sinners, think what Jesus has done
for you and me;
Behold His mangled body, upon the cursed
tree;
His head, His hands, His bleeding side, to
you I now portray—
Come, tell me, brother sinner, how can you
stay away?

7 Come, all ye elder brethren, and soldiers
of the cross,
Who, for the love of Jesus, have counted
all things dross;
Come, pray for us young converts, that we
may travel on,
To meet you all in glory, where our Re-
deemer's gone.

463 8s. 8s. 6s.

1 The Lord into His garden's come,
The spices yield a sweet perfume,
The lillies grow and thrive;

Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow on every vine,
And make the dead alive.

2 Behold! this dry and barren ground
With springs of water doth abound,
A fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
Believers do the church compose;
When party zeal is gone.

3 The glorious day is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
Your sins He will forgive;
O, taste and see that grace is free
For all mankind who willing be,
To come to Christ and live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Savior, piteous and kind,
Who will them all receive;
None are too bad who do repent.
Out of one sinner legions went;
The Lord did him relieve.

5 If sinners only knew the Lord,
And were acquainted with His word,
His sweet forgiving love,
They'd rush thro' storms of every kind,
And leave all earthly things behind,
To gain a crown above.

6 Come, brethren, you who know the Lord,
Observe with care His holy word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

7 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the glorious throne.
From Jesus' throne on high;
It comes like floods, we can't contain;
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.

464 8s. 7s. 4s. *Robinson.*

1 Guide me, O, Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountains,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna,
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be my robe of righteousness.
Fight and conquer
All my foes by sovereign grace.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

465 8s. 7s. 4s. *Newton.*

1 Savior, visit Thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation
Unless Thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest for want of Thine assistance
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Surely once Thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green;
Then Thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, Thy help is greatly needed;
Help can only come from Thee.

5 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted;
Scarce a single leaf they show.

6 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
Covered thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipt them in the bud.

7 Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O, permit them not to wither;
Let not all our hopes be vain.

8 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

9 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stoney heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.

466 11s. 10s.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts—here tell your anguish,
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven can not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope when all others die fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven can not cure.

467 L. M.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord indeed.
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk this narrow, happy road.

2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Tho' hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save His heart's delight.

3 The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear;
Sound thro' the earth, yea, down to hell,
To call the nations, great and small.

4 Behold the skies in burning flames,
The trumpet louder still proclaims;
The world must hear and know their doom,
The separation now is come.

5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come;
While Christ the Judge their joy proclaims,
Here come my saints, I own their names.

6 In grandeur see the royal line,
Whose glittering robes the sun outshine;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor round the throne.

468 C. M. *Newton.*

1 Afflictions, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And forced him to repent.

2 Although he no relenting felt
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinched him sore.

3 What have I gained by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face,
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.

5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

6 "Father, I've sinned; but O, forgive!"
"I've heard enough," he said;
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive
For whom I mourn'd as dead."

7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."

8 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love He feels,
And welcomes all that come.

469 7s. *Cennick.*

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling nome to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banished seed be glad!
Christ our advocate is made—
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

470 11s. *K*——.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said.
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength
ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give the aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age, all my people shall
prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hory hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be
borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

471 C. M. *Burnham.*

1 Jesus, Thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now in the bowels of Thy love,
O, Lord, Remember me.

2 Remember Thy pure word of Grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wond'rous advocate with God,
I yield myself to Thee;
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet Thy salvation's free;
Then in Thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distrest,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do Thou remember me.

3 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature's help all flee,
Then, O, my dear Redeemer, God,
I pray remember me.

472 L. M. *Courtney.*

1 My christian friends in bonds of love,
Whose heart the sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like the strongest band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your presence sweet, our union dear,
What joys we feel together here!
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loth are we to leave the place
Where Jesus shows His smiling face.

4 O, could I stay with friends so kind,
How it would cheer my drooping mind!
But pilgrims in a foreign land,
We oft must take the parting hand.

5 But since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for awhile;
With sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say our Father's will be done.

6 O, fellow youth, in christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Press on, you'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting hands will be no more.

7 My christian friends, both old and young,
I trust you will in Christ go on;
Through grace you'll soon possess the prize,
A crown of glory in the skies.

8 O, blessed day! O, glorious hope!
My soul rejoices at the thought,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

473 11s. *Muhlenbirg.*

1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus has lain there I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 O, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from you heaven, that blissful abode.
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

474 8s. *B. Francis.*

1 My gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout His adorable name.
To gaze on His glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeemed with His blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in His sweet presence to dwell.
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing;
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Savior, my King.

3 My glorious Redeemer! I long
To see Thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright, numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd.
O, when wilt Thou bid me ascend
To join in Thy praises above;
To gaze on the world without end,
And feast on Thy ravishing love?

4 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again;
Perfection of glory reigns there.
This soul and this body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God His full beauty displays.

5 Ye palaces, sceptres and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.

The crown that my Savior bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

475 7s.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide—
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is laid,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O, Christ, art all I want,
All in all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sins—
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart—
Rise to all eternity.

476 8s. 7s. *Wesley.*

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can not be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Will supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows, thy thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;

Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood;
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Make them kings and priests to God;
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank offering brings.

5 Savior, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride and pity,
I will glory in Thy name;
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting pleasure,
None but Zion's children know.

477 6s. 5s. *Newton.*

1 Begone, unbelief, my Savior is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform,
With Christ in the vessel I'd smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide.
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink,
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirm His good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Determined to save, He watched o'er my path,
When, satan's blind slave, I sported with death,
And can He have taught me to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?

5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less.
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord

6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up that sinners might live;
His way was much rougher and darker than mine—
Did Christ, the Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food,
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O, how pleasant, the conqueror's song.

478 8s.

1 From whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.

2 It can not in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus has gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansion above.

4 O, why then, so loth for to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again;
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we can not remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
When this earth falls into decay,
We will dwell with Jesus in love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all His bright glories shall see:
We'll sing hallelujah, amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

479 7s.

1 Sovereign grace has power alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with Him died;
One with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as He hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath
In the very jaws of death;
Perished, as too many do,
With the Savior in his view.

4 But the other, touched with grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
Faith received to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.

5 "Lord," he prayed, "remember me,
When in glory Thou shalt be;"
"Soon with Me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in paradise."

6 This was wondrous grace, indeed,
Grace vouchsafed in time of need;
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name;
You shall find Him still the same.

7 But, beware of unbelief;
Think upon the hardened thief;
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ to you has died in vain.

480 *Lelana.*

1 Brethren, we have met again,
Let us join to pray and sing,
Jesus as the Savior reigns,
Praise Him in the highest strain!

2 Many days and weeks are past,
Since we met together last,
Yet our lives do still remain,
Here on earth we meet again?

3 Many of our friends are gone
To their long eternal home,
They have left us here below,
Soon we after them shall go.

4 Brethren, tell me how you do,
Does your love continue true?
Are you waiting for your King,
When he shall return again?

5 Gracious is the Lord indeed,
To my soul in time of need;
Surely He hath won my heart,
May I choose Him for my part?

6 Jesus is my glorious King,
May our hearts be tuned to sing,
Praise Him, love Him evermore,
He's the God whom we adore.

481 11s.

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven, my home.

2 Sweet bond that unites all the children of peace,
And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love can not cease;
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee, in glory, at home.

3 I sigh, from this body of sin, to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee,
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

4 Whate'er Thou deniest, O, give me Thy grace,
The spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
Inspire me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

5 While here in this valley of conflict I stay,
O, give me submission and strength as my day,
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me dear Jesus, to heaven, my home.

482 8s. 6s.

1 How happy every child of grace
Who feels his sins forgiven;
This world, he cries, is not my place,
I seek a place in heaven—
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
A heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in this world below,
I calmly sojourn here,
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my love or fear;
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are passed,
But O, the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 What is there here to court my stay
And keep me back from home,
When angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?

Shall I regret to leave my friends
Here in this world confined?
To God Himself my soul ascends—
Farewell to all behind.

4 O, what a blessed hope is ours
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glories here
Our earthen vessel filled.

5 O, would He more of heaven bestow,
And let this vessel break,
And let my ransomed spirit go
To see the Lord I seek;
In rapturous love on Him to gaze
Who gives that sight to me,
And shout and wonder at His grace
In vast eternity.

483 P. M. *F. Foiner.*

1 Young people, all, on you I call,
Pray lend me your attention;
Some longer stay, and don't go 'way,
But hear what I shall mention.

2 The time is come for to go home,
We soon shall all be parted;

I ask to know, before you go,
Are all your souls converted?

3 If you are in the power of sin,
By satan captivated,
Regardless still of heaven's will,
By whom you were created.

4 Should this be true what will you do?
You still reject the Savior;
Soon death will come and call you home,
Oh, think, you're lost forever!

5 Young people, dear, have you no fear,
Nor pray to God for favor,
Nor yet begin to hate your sin,
Or love the blessed Savior?

6 Some list, you see, and soldiers be,
To fight for loving Jesus;
Our Captain He gives victory,
And from all evil frees us.

7 He'll surely save poor souls that have
No worthiness or merit,
Who at His call resign their all,
Shall endless life inherit.

8 Through all the snares of death and wars
He'll be their King and Savior,
He'll shortly come and take them home,
To reign with Him forever.

9 If you will come, there still is room
For all who on Him venture;
He'll surely save His soldiers brave,
Who in His service enter.

10 And when the war is done and o'er
He'll march His troops to heaven;
Bright glories there they all shall wear,
And victor's crowns be given.

484 7s.

1 Burst, ye emerald gates and bring
To my enraptured vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian.
Lo, we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies,
Son of Righteousness arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before Him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore Him.
Angelic triumphs sound His fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,
All the music of His name—
Heaven echoes with the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station;

Shout His glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation.

Cast their crowns before His throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! holy! holy one.

4 Hark! the willing symphonies,
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Jesus in these holy lays—
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

485

1 Dear brethren, farewell, I do you now tell
I'm sorry to leave you, I love you so well;
I onward must go, the trumpet to blow
Of Christ, my Redeemer, while stationed below.

2 Strange people I'll find—I hope they'll prove kind;
Strange faces nor places can altar my mind;
Wherever I be, I'll still pray for thee,
And you, my dear brethren, do likewise for me.

3 Poor sinners, adieu; I'm sorry for you;
If you die unconverted, O, what will you do?
What a horror will seize, what a dread and amaze,
When the earth and the sea shall all burn in a blaze.

4 Poor mourners, adieu; I now part with you;
My heart feels your sorrows—what more can I do?
If I see you no more till the trumpet shall roar,
I hope then to meet you where parting's no more.

5 When Jesus shall come and take us all home,
We'll range the bright fields where the Savior is gone;
I am ready to go from sorrow and woe;
In hope of bright glory, I'll leave all below.

PARTING HYMNS.

486

1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart,
Of our ever-present friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep!
Let Thy mercy and Thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In Thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Grant, that if we live ere long,
We may meet in peace again.

4 Then if Thou Thy help afford,
Joyful songs to Thee shall rise,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who regards our humble cries.

487

8s. 7s. 4s.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

8 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay;
May we ready,
Rise, and reign in endless day.

488 S. M.

1 Once more before we part
We'll bless the Savior's name;
Record His mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

2 Hoard up His sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on and seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.

3 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O, may we reach that blissful state
Where all Thy saints are bound.

489 L. M. *Herbert.*

1 O, Lord, dismiss us now in love,
Send down Thy blessing from above;
The blessings we have sought to-day
Lord grant before we go away.

2 We have been praying for Thy grace,
That Thou wouldst smile upon this place;
Thou knowst we love Thy house of prayer,
Because we find Thy presence there.

490 11s.

1 With gladness, dear brethren, we met at this place,
To speak and to hear of God's rich and free grace;
For all that are needy, afflicted and poor,
The Savior has balsam and riches in store.

2 If hungry and thirsty, and burdened with guilt,
For you the dear Savior His blood freely spilt;
If naked and wounded, just ready to die,
He waits from His fullness your wants to supply.

3 You're welcome, poor sinners, no longer delay;
The gospel invites you to Jesus to-day;
If you are but willing, you need not to doubt,
For those that come to Him He will not cast out.

4 On parting, my brethren, I give you my hand,
In token of friendship, that uniting band;
Since we here together no longer can stay,
Be sure you continue devoutly to pray.

5 Farewell, my dear brethren, beloved of the Lord;
The footsteps of Jesus you'll find in His word;
Then follow your leader wherever he goes;
Stand fast and unshaken, whatever oppose.

6 The time is approaching when Christ shall appear
In glory, and then all His saints shall be there;
No fear then of parting, or grief, or complaint
Shall ever be heard from the tongue of a saint.

7 But praise and thanksgiving shall be our employ;
Our souls always feasting, yet never shall cloy;
New scenes then unfolding new joys will afford;
All glory and honor, and praise to the Lord.

491

1 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
The gospel sounds a jubilee;
My stammering tongue shall sound aloud,
From land to land, from sea to sea.
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell, in bonds and union dear,
Like strings, you twine about my heart;
I only ask your earnest prayer
Till we shall meet no more to part.
Till we shall meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell, my earthly friends below.
Though all so kind and dear to me,
My Jesus calls and I must go,
To sound the gospel jubilee.
To sound the joys and bear the news
To Gentile worlds and royal Jews.

4 Farewell, young people, one and all,
While God shall grant me breath to breathe,
I'll pray to the Eternal All,
That your dear souls in Christ may live;
That your dear souls prepared may be
To reign in bliss eternally.

5 Farewell to all below the sun;
And as I pass in tears below,
The path is straight my feet shall run,

And God will keep me as I go.
And God will hold me in His hand,
And bring me to the promised land.

6 Farewell, farewell, I look above;
Jesus, my guide, to Thee I call;
My joy, my crown, and only love,
My safeguard here, my heavenly all;
My theme to preach, my song to sing,
My only joy in death. Amen.

492 C. M.

1 My little flock, I bid adieu,
Our parting is to day;
O, may we all to Christ prove true,
And try to watch and pray.

2 There is one thing that wounds my heart,
And grieves my soul full sore;
To think we must in body part,
Perhaps to meet no more.

3 And if we never meet below,
Let us our lamps prepare,
To meet when the last trump shall blow,
And in His glory share.

4 So, fare you well, my brethren dear,
With melting hearts we part;
God make you faithful to the end;
Your souls lie near my heart.

5 We need not wait but few more days,
Then He will call us home,
Where fear of parting ne'er will come,
In that bright world above.

6 Where we'll surround the throne of God,
And sing redeeming love;
And there I hope to see your face,
And join to praise the Lord.

493 C. M.

1 Dear friends, farewell, I do you tell,
Since you and I must part;
I go away and here you stay,
But still we're joined in heart;
Your love to me has been most free,
Your conversation sweet;
How can I bear to journey where
With you I can not meet?

2 Yet do I find my heart inclined
To do my work below;
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall
Be ready then to go;
I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harms.

3 I trust you'll pray both night and day,
And keep your garments white;
For you and me, that we may be
The children of the light;
If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done—
I hope the Lord will you reward
With an immortal crown.

4 If I'm called home, whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me;
I hope to sing and praise my King
To all eternity.
Millions of years over the spheres
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauty bright unto my sight
Thy sacred sweets disclose.

5 I long to go; then farewell, woe;
My soul will be at rest;
No more shall I complain or sigh,
But taste the heavenly feast.
O, may we meet and be complete,
And long together dwell,
And serve the Lord with one accord,
And so dear friends, farewell.

~~291~~ 11s.

1 Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is
hand,

That we must be parted from this social
band;
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for
awhile,
We'll soon meet again if kind Providence
smile;
But while we are parted, and scattered
abroad,
We'll pray for each other and trust in the
Lord.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be
discharged,
The war will be ended, the bounty enlarged;
With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan
may roar,
You'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the
shore.

4 Farewell, younger brethren, just 'listed
for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near.
Although you must travel this dark wilder-
ness,
Your Captain's before you; He'll lead you
to peace.

5 The world, and the devil, and sin, all unite,
And bold persecution, your souls to affright;
But Jesus, your leader, is stronger than they—
Let this animate you to march on your way.

6 Farewell, trembling mourners, with sad, broken hearts,
O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell, all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound;
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
Our Savior to praise, in a pure social band.

495 C. M.

1 Lord, when together here we meet
And taste Thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

2 Yet, Father, since it is Thy will
That we must part again,
O, let Thy gracious presence still
With every soul remain.

3 O, may we all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around Thy glorious throne
Shall joyful meet above;

4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart,
And pain and grief shall fly,
And not a thought that we must part
E'er interrupt our joy.

5 Deliver'd then from cares and pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire,
But in seraphic, heavenly strains,
Redeeming love admire.

6 And thus to all eternity,
Upon the heavenly shore,
The great mysterious One in Three,
Jehovah, we'll adore.

496 L. M. *Ward.*

1 O, happy day! when saints shall meet
To part no more—the thought is sweet;
No more to feel the rending smart
Oft felt below, when christians part.

2 O, happy place, I still must say,
Where all but love is done away;
All cause of parting there is past—
Their social feast will ever last.

3 Such union here is sought in vain
As there in every heart shall reign.
There separation can't compel
The saints to bid the sad farewell.

4 On earth when friends together meet,
And find the passing moments sweet,
Time's rapid motions soon compel
With grief to say—dear friends, farewell.

5 The happy season soon will come
When saints shall meet in heaven, their home,
Eternally with Christ to dwell,
Nor ever hear the sound—farewell.

MISCELLANEOUS.

497 L. M. *Fawcett.*

1 Thy presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive Thy word;
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we in Thy faith and fear
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us Thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do Thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

498 P. M.

1 Come, tell us your troubles, ye saints of the Lord.
And tell us what comfort you've found in His word;
Although you're unworthy, in Jesus be bold,
Tell what a kind Savior has done for your soul.

2 Tell how you discovered the state you were in,
How weary you felt with your burden of sin;
Come, telt us your sorrows, your doubts and your fear,
Your brethren are waiting and longing to hear.

3 It may be you thought when you came to this place
You'd tell us the happy effects of free grace,
But now you are doubting if you have believed,
And fear that the tempter your heart has deceived.

4 Perhaps you've discovered corruption within,
And think that a christian feels nothing of sin,
Therefore, you do fear that your hopes are all vain,
And long for your burthen of sorrow again.

5 Perhaps you are fearful if you should relate
Your little experince and your present state,
Through weakness you could not your feelings explain,
And as a deceiver you'd meet with disdain.

6 If these be your feelings do not fear to tell,
The lovers of Jesus remember them well;
For as with the heart man believes, it is said,
So unto salvation confession is made.

7 We look not for knowledge or anything great,
Experience alone we would have thee relate;
The meek and the humble are those that we love,
And these are the spirits our Lord doth approve.

8 Come, now we'll attend to the glorious news,
Plead not your unworthiness for an excuse,

But come while we try to assist you by prayer,
And the angels in heaven will joyously hear.

499

1 Mixtures of joy and sorrow I daily do pass through,
Sometimes I'm in the valley—then sinking down with woe,
Sometimes I am exalted, on angel's wings I fly;
Rising above Mount Pisgah, I almost reach the sky.

2 Sometimes my hopes are little, I almost lay them by;
Sometimes it is sufficient if I were called to die;
Sometimes I am in doubting and think I have no grace;
Sometimes I am shouting and Bethel is the place.

3 Sometimes I shun the christian for fear he'll talk to me,
Sometimes he is the neighbor I long the most to see,
Sometimes we meet together in seasons dry and dull;
Sometimes I find a blessing of joy that fills my soul.

4 Sometimes I am oppressed by Satan's
cruel hand,
Sometimes o'er death's cold valley I view
the promised land;
Sometimes I am in darkness and sometimes
in the light,
Sometimes my soul on wings of faith ascends
in lofty flight.

5 Sometimes I go in mourning down Baby-
lon's cold stream,
Sometimes my Lord's religion appears to be
my theme;
Sometimes when I am praying it almost
seems a task;
Sometimes I find a blessing—the greatest I
can ask.

6 Sometimes I read my bible—it seems a
sealed book;
Sometimes I find a blessing wherever I do
look;
Sometimes I go to meeting and wish I'd
staid at home,
Sometimes I find my Savior and then I'm
glad I come.

7 O, how I am thus tossed—thus tossed to
and fro!
How are my hopes thus crossed wherever I
do go;

O Lord, Thou never changest, it is because
I stray,
Lord, guide me by Thy spirit, and keep me
in the way.

500 L. M.

1 Lift up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but strive, and watch and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 Oh, good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart;
But may our actions always say
We're marching in the good old way.

4 Though satan may his powers employ
Our peace and comfort to destaoy,
Yet never fear we'll gain the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

5 And when on Pisgah's mount we stand
And view by faith the promised land,
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,
And march along the good old way.

6 Ye valiant souls for heaven contend;
Remember glory's at the end;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

7 Then far beyond this mortal shore
We'll meet with those who've gone before;
And shout to think we've gain'd the day
By marching in the good old way.

501

1 Our bondage here shall end
By and by—by and by;
Our griefs shall vanish then,
With our three-score years and ten,
And bright glory crown the day,
By and by—by and by.

2 When our Deliverer comes
By and by—by and by;
From Egypt's yoke set free,
We will hail our jubilee,
And to Canaan all return
By and by—by and by.

3 Though strong our foes appear,
We'll go on—we'll go on;
Our hearts shall know no fear,
For Israel's God is near—
While the fiery pillar moves
We'll go on—we'll go on.

4 By Marah's bitter streams
We'll go on—we'll go on;
Though Baca's vale be dry,
The Rock shall yield supply—
To a land of corn and wine
We'll go on—we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's flood
We are come—we are come;
Jehovah rules the tide
And the waters will divide,
While the ransomed host shall shout
"We are come—we are come."

6 There friends shall meet again
Who have loved—who have loved;
Our embraces shall be sweet
When we each other greet
At our great Redeemer's feet
Who have loved—who have loved.

7 There with the happy throng
We'll rejoice—we'll rejoice;
Shouting glory to our King
Till the heavenly dome shall ring,
And through all eternity
We'll rejoice—we'll rejoice.

502 7s. 6s.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain;
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What, though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile,
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds his story,
And you ye waters roll,
'Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
'Till o'er our ransomed nature
The lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

503 C. M.

1 Since man by sin has strayed from God,
He seeks creation through;
And vainly hopes for solid bliss
In trying something new.

2 The new possessed like fading flowers,
Soon looses its gay hue;
The bubble now no longer takes,
The soul wants something new.

3 And could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru,
The mind would feel an aching void
And still want something new.

4 But when we feel a Savior's love,
All good in him we view;
The soul forsakes its vain delights—
In Christ finds all things new.

5 The joys the dear Redeemer brings,
Will bear a strict review;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.

504

1 While wandering to and fro
In this wide world of woe,
Where streams of sorrow flow.

CHORUS.—Give me Jesus—give me Jesus—
Give me Jesus,
You may have all this world,
Give me Jesus.

2 When tears o'erflow mine eye,
When pressed by grief I sigh;
Still this shall be my cry, etc.

3 When to the mercy seat,
I go my Lord to meet,
My heart shall still repeat, etc.

4 And when my faith is tried,
In him will I confide,
And all the storms outride, etc.

5 Though strength and friends should fail,
And foes my soul assail,
Through him I shall prevail, etc.

6 And when my toils are o'er,
When nearing Jordan's shore
I'll shout as up I soar, etc.

7 When at the judgment seat,
I stand at Jesus' feet,
When worlds on worlds shall meet, etc.

8 When heaven and earth shall flee,
When time shall cease to be
Through all eternity, etc.

505

1 While nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beams of daylight shone dim in the west;
O'er fields by the moonlight my wandering feet
Sought in quietude's hour a place of retreat.

2 While passing a garden, I paused, then drew near,
A voice faint and plaintive arrested my ear;
The voice of the sufferer affected my heart,
In agony pleading the poor sinners part.

3 In offering to Heaven his pitying prayer,
He spoke of the torments the sinner must bear;
His life for a ransom he offered to give,
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.

4 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood and tears;
I wept to behold him, I asked him his name,
He answered 'tis Jesus, from heaven I came.

5 I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die,
This cup is most bitter but can not pass by;
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee.

6 I heard with deep anguish the tale of his woe,
While tears like a fountain of waters did flow;
The cause of his sorrow to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart and I fell at his feet.

7 I trembled with horror and loudly did cry,
Lord, save a poor sinner, O, save or I die!
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me, live,
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive.

8 How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice;
His smile, O, how pleasant! how charming his voice!
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
I shouted salvation and glory to God.

9 I'm now on my journey to mansions above,
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace and love;
I think of the garden, the prayers and the tears
Of that loving Savior who banished my fears.

10 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel descending, the trumpet shall sound,
My soul then in rapture of glory shall rise,
To gaze on the Savior with unclouded eyes.

506

1 Farewell, farewell to all below,
My Jesus calls and I must go;
I launch my boat upon the sea,
This land is not the land for me.

CHORUS.—This world is not my home,
This world is not my home,
This world is all a wilderness,
This world is not my home.

2 I found the winding path of sin,
A rugged path to travel in;
Beyond the chilly waves I see
The land my Savior bought for me.

3 O, sinners, will you not go?
There is room enough for you I know,
Our boat is sound, the passage free,
And there is a better land for thee.

4 Farewell dear friends. I can not stay,
The home I seek is far away;
Where Christ is not, I can not be.
This land is not the land for me.

5 Praise be to God, our hope on high,
The angels sing, and so will I;
Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,
Oh that's the land, the land for me.

507

1 Dear brethren, I have found,
A land that doth abound,
With food as sweet as manna;
The more I eat, I find
The more I am inclined
To shout and sing Hosannah.

CHORUS.

My sould doth long to go, where it may fully know
The glories of my Savior,
And as I pass along, I'll sing a Christian song;
I hope to live forever.

2 Perhaps you'll think I am wild,
As simple as a child;
I am a child of glory,
My birth is from above;
My soul is full of love,
I long to tell my story.

3 The city of delight,
This moment shines so bright,
It gives me peace and pleasure;
There's no terristrial bliss
Can ever equal this,
A hope that's full of glory.

4 My brethren can you say
That you are on your way,
Are on your way to glory?
I care not for your name,
Religion is the same,
I love my blessed Savior.

508 P. M.

1 There is a place where my hopes are stayed,
My heart and my treasure are there;
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS.

That blissful place is my Fatherland,
By faith its delights I explore;
Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode,
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
But there is the palace of God.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshiped wth me;
Exalted with Christ high on His throne
The King in His beauty they see.

4 There is a place where I hope to live
When life and its labors are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

509 S. M.

1 Prepare a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name;
His praises should employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame.

2 He laid His glory by
And dreadful pains endured,
That rebels such as you and I,
From wrath might be secured

3 Upon the cross He died,
Our debt of sin to pay,
And blood and water from His side
Wash guilt and filth away.

4 The Holy Ghost he sends,
Our stubborn souls to move.
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquor them by love.

5 The world and Satan rage,
But He their power controls;
His wisdom, love and truth engage
Protection for our souls.

6 Though pressed, we will not yield,
But shall prevail at length;
For Jesus is our sun and shield,
Our righteousness and strength.

510 P. M.

1 Farewell, my dear brethren, beloved of the Lord,
The footsteps of Jesus you'll find in His word;
Then follow your Savior wherever He goes—
Stand fast and unshaken whatever oppose.

2 On parting, dear brethren, I give you my hand,
In token of friendship, that uniting band;
Although for awhile these vile bodies must part,
Cemented in love, we are still joined in heart.

3 The time is approaching when Christ shall appear
In glory, and then all His saints shall meet there;
No fear then of parting, no grief, no complaint,
Shall ever be heard from the tongue of a saint.

4 But praise and thanksgiving shall be their employ;
Their souls always feasting, yet never shall cloy.
New scenes still unfolding new joys shall afford—
All glory, and honor, and praise to the Lord.

511 L. M.

1 Jesus, Thou great exalted King,
Thy love, Thy matchless love, I sing;
Descending from Thy lofty seat,
I see Thee wash Thy servant's feet.

2 Here I behold at once displayed
The God in mortal flesh arrayed,
And an example set for me—
Set, Christian, by Thy Lord, for thee.

3 Let us attend our Sovereign Lord,
And all His works and acts record;
I have you an example set
"That you should wash each others' feet."

4 My Savior, I obey Thy voice,
And in Thy word and ways rejoice;
Would humbly wash Thy followers' feet—
O, let me here Thy presence meet.

512 L. M.

1 Come brethren, we who love the Lord,
Never depart from Jesus' word;
Let true humility abound
Wherever the love of God is found.

2 Remember when Christ was below,
What condescension He did show;
He did His dear desciples greet,
And condescend to wash their feet.

3 If I your Lord and Master be,
And you my blest example see,
You should each other kindly greet
And ought to wash each other's feet.

4 My servants can not be greater
Than I, your Lord and Master dear;
And though the world should you despise,
It is well pleasing in my eyes.

5 And we who do this duty see,
With other's we'll not disagree;
In lowest stoop we will them greet,
We'll eat our herbs and they their meat.

513 C. M.

1 Jesus by heavenly hosts adored,
The Church's glorious head,
With humble joy I call Thee, Lord,
And in Thy footsteps tread.

2 Emptied of all Thy greatness here,
While in the body seen,
Thou wouldst the least of all appear
And minister to men.

3 A servant to Thy servants thou,
I, Thy debas'd estate;
How meekly did Thy goodness bow
To wash Thy follower's feet.

4 I come, O God, to do Thy will,
With Jesus in my view;
A servant to Thy servants still
My pattern I pursue.

5 The loving labor I repeat,
Obedient to His word,
And wash His dear desciple's feet,
And wait upon the Lord.

6 Shall I, a worm refuse to stoop?
My fellow worm disdain,
I give my vain distinctions up,
Since Christ did wait on man.

514 L. M.

1 Give me Thy Spirit, O my God,
Then I can well all trials meet.
Deny myself and all my pride,
And wash Thy weakest servant's feet.

2 Give me Thy Spirit, O my God,
  Then shall I in Thy footsteps trace,
And show to all who read Thy word,
  That I'm indeed renewed by grace.

3 Give me Thy Spirit, O my God,
  Then through my few remaining days
I'll yield obedience to Thy word,
  And as I go I'll sing Thy praise.

515 C. M.

1 Did Christ the great example lead
  For all His humble train,
In washing the desciples' feet
  And wiping them again?

2 And did my Lord and Master say,
  If I have washed your feet
Ye also ought to watch and pray,
  And wash each other's feet?

3 In imitation of my Lord,
  Who blood for me did sweat,
I yield unto His sacred word,
  And wash the pilgrim's feet.

4 Yea blessed Jesus, I like them,
  Would Christians often meet;
The least of all the flock would be,
  And wash His children's feet?

5 For this let men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will;
I still would follow Christ the Lamb,
And be His servant still.

516 C. M.

1 Deacons awake, the work fulfill—
The work to you assigned;
Discharge your sacred duties well
With pure and upright mind.

2 The table of your gracious Lord,
The Lord who for us died—
The church's poor and pastor's board,
By you must be supplied.

3 How great, how solemn your employ!
Preserve a conscience pure;
Be grave amid your social joy,
And blameless and sincere.

4 Still let the mystery of your faith
In bright effulgence glow;
Hear what the Lord, your Savior saith,
"Fulfill your work below."

5 Then shall you up to glory rise.
And fill that heavenly place—
That place of pure celestial joy
Assigned you by His grace.

517 C. M.

1 Up to Thy throne, O God of love,
Would we now lift our eyes;
Grant us Thy presence from above,
And hear our feeble cries.

2 Upon Thy servant, called to fill
The deacon's sacred trust,
O, may Thy Spirit's grace distill,
And make him wise and just.

3 Help him Thy table, Lord, to spread
With reference to that night,
When powers of darkness at Thy head
Aimed their malignant spite.

4 By faith and prayer may he uphold
His faithful pastor's hands,
And to his temporal wants afford
Such aid as God commands.

5 Thy poor, the objects of Thy love,
Who want and famine dread;
O may His bowels toward them move
To grant supplies of bread.

3 Thus may he use his office well
And to himself procure
Great boldness in the Christian faith,
And find the promise sure.

518 L. M.

1 Head of the Church, Thy care we bless;
Thy bounties are both rich and large;
While teachers on their teachings wait,
Our temp'rals are the deacon's charge.

2 Up to Thy throne we lift our eyes
For blessings to attend our choice,
Of him whose generous prudent zeal
Shall make thy favored ways rejoice.

3 By purest love to Christ and truth
May he obtain a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smile of thine and thee.

4 And when the work to him assigned,
The work of love, is fully done,
Call him from serving tables here
To heaven, his endless, blissful home.

519 L. M.

AT THE CHOICE OF A DEACON.

1 Thou sacred Spirit, heavenly dove,
Distill Thy dews of joy and love;
O'erspread our souls with rays of light,
And guide our erring judgments right.

2 From our dear brethren, taught Thy word
Fain would we choose a deacon, Lord;
One who may fill the office well,
And in the faith of Christ excel.

3 In Thee we trust, on Thee depend.
Our constant, never-failing friend;
Assist us, Lord, and bless our choice,
And in Thy name will we rejoice.

520 L. M.

1 Come, happy souls, that know the Lord,
That love and trust His sacred word;
With songs of praise address His throne,
And Jesus sing the living stone.

2 Chosen of the Lord, and precious too,
Is He in each believer's view;
Built upon Him and 'stablished here,
They all as living stones appear.

3 Here the Great Builder, God, will raise
A house, a temple to His praise;
Here gospel sacrifices claim
Acceptance through a Savior's name.

4 View the vast building, see it rise—
The work how strong, the plan how wise!
Beauty and grandeur all divine,
Throughout the whole resplendent shine.

6 Where'er I cast my eyes abroad,
I see the labors of a God;
And through the whole there's not a stone
But cost the Builder's heart a groan.

6 Soon shall the topstone forth be brought,
To crown the work His love hath wrought,
And to the praise of sovereign grace
Shall loud hozannas fill the place.

521 C. M.

1 How swiftly time's revolving wheels
Have passed another year;
How short is life—my spirit feels
This truth with sacred fear.

2 Think, O my soul! another year
Of thy short life is past;
I can not long continue here,
And this may be the last.

3 Much of my precious time is gone,
Ne'er to return again;
How swift my passing moments run
Of those which yet remain.

4 My soul, awake, with serious care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what Thy chief concern?

5 Here a new scene of life begins;
O seek afresh for heaven;
Pray for the pardon of thy sins
In Christ so freely given.

6 Gladly devote thyself to God,
And on His grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

522 L. M.

1 Before Thy throne, eternal King,
Thy ministers their tribute bring—
Their tribute of united praise,
For heavenly news and peaceful days.

2 We sing the conquest of Thy sword,
And publish loud Thy healing word,
While angels sound Thy glorious name
Thy saving grace, our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various service we esteem,
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;
And while we feel Thy heavenly love,
We burn like Seraphim above.

4 Still in Thy work would we abound,
Still prune the vine or plough the ground,
Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed
And watch them with unwearied heed.

5 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below and crown above;
Thy praise shall be our blest employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

523 L. M.

1 Convened from different parts, O Lord,
We bow before Thy gracious throne;
O, may we speak and hear Thy word,
Relying on Thy grace alone.

2 May those that preach be well prepared
The solemn message to impart;
In prayer and faith may it be heard,
And find access to every heart.

3 Let party spleen, nor pride, nor shame,
Nor fear of man that fatal snare,
Nor envious views, no praise nor blame,
Direct our thought nor harbor there.

4 May love divine our feelings sway,
And all our actions sweetly guide;
And sin and guilt be done away,
Through Him who groaned, and bled and died.

5 Awake our souls in sweetest lays,
Unite our noblest powers to sing;
And hearts and voices join to raise
The praise of Christ, our sovereign King.

524 C. M. *W. Thompson.*

1 Not to control the church of God,
Nor bind, or rule her sons,
But to associate below
With Zion's little ones.

2 We meet in council and advise
And hear from all around,
And sing and pray, and preach and hear,
And so our joys abound.

3 These seasons still from year to year
Our comforts do restore,
While love and union sweetly roll,
Our Savior we adore.

4 If thus we meet on earth below,
So warms our hearts with love;
What raptures will His children feel
When they shall meet above?

525 C. M. *W. Thompson*

1 Now from the east and west and south,
And north the saints repair;
To meet the sons of God below
And join in praise and prayer.

2 Their voices join in concert sweet,
The Savior's praise to sing;
Their hearts rejoice to hear the fame
Of Christ their glorious king.

3 To hear of peace and love and zeal
In all the churches round,
That truth prevails, and all the saints
Delight to hear the sound.

4 We hear of souls renewed by grace,
Who follow Christ the Lord;
And this delights the hearts of those
Who sound His grace abroad.

5 In social convocation now,
In love and union sweet;
May this association sit
At Christ our Savior's feet.

526 L. M. *W. Thompson.*

1 The year of time has rolled away,
And we are brought to see the day
When we can take each other's hand
And worship in a social band.

2 See Zion's children gathering round,
To hear the gospel trumpets sound;
The aged soldier and the youth,
Who serve one God and love the truth.

3 The watchman on the stand are seen,
The grove around is dressed in green,
United voices join to sing
The lofty praises of our King.

4 Hail you who love and serve our Lord,
One faith, one hope, one life, one word,
One body joined by love divine
In one association join.

5 In council now we meet to hear
How Zion's border doth appear,

If peace and love and union reigns,
And gospel truth your cause sustains.

6 Thrice welcome kindred to this place,
We'll bow before the throne of grace,
And ask our God our souls to cheer,
And bless us while assembled here.

527 C. M. *Doddridge*

1 These mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away;
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

2 The bags are rent, the treasure's lost,
We fondly call'd our own;
Scarce could we the possession boast,
Before we found it gone.

3 But there are joys that can not die,
Which God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

4 To that my rising heart aspires,
With infinite delight;
O for the spirit's quickening powers,
To speed me in the flight.

528 C. M.

1 When the last trumpet's awful voice
This reeling earth shall shake—

When opening graves shall yield their
charge,
And dust to life awake—

2 Those bodies that, corrupted, fell,
Shall incorrupted rise;
And mortal forms shall spring to life,
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfilled—
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And vanquished quit the field.

4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing:
"O grave, where is thy triumph now,
And where, O death, thy sting!"

529 C. M.

1 Ye fleeting charms of earth, farewell,
Your springs of joy are dry;
My soul now seeks another home,
A brighter world on high.

2 Farewell, ye friends, whose tender care
Has long engaged my love;
Your fond embrace I now exchange
For better friends above.

3 Cheerful I leave this vale of tears,
Where pains and sorrows grow;
Welcome the day that ends my toil
And every scene of woe.

4 No more shall sin disturb my breast,
My God shall frown no more;
The streams of love divine shall yield
Transports unknown before.

5 Fly, then, ye interposing days,
Lord send the summons down;
The hand that strikes me to the dust,
Shall raise me to a crown.

530 C. M. *J. Ryland*

1 In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties and through trials, too,
I'll go at His command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Savior calls me home
Still this my cry shall be—
"Hinder me not," come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

531 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 The God of Glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men the dear objects of His grace—
And He the loving God.

5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die.

6 How long, dear Savior, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

532 7s. *Bowring.*

1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;
Traveler o'er your mountain height,
See that glory beaming star!
Watchman does its beautious ray
Aught of hope or joy fortell?
Traveler, yes, it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends:
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends;
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home;
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God has come.

533 S. M.

1 Quiet weary near to faint,
I, my sad state deplore:
I would myself with God acquaint,
But 'tis not in my power;

I know my dangerous state,
Still carnal sold to sin;
Corrupt, impure, degenerate,
Have all my doings been.

2 How many gracious days
Have I misspent and lost,
Lov'd, to frequent unholy ways,
And made of sin my boast;
Alas, those days are gone!
Those golden days are o'er,
The gospel that so lately shown
Perhaps may shine no more.

3 Ah, whither shall I fly,
If God has me forsook?
To whom shall I for mercy cry,
Or where for refuge look;
How shall I meet the Lord,
Or how his anger bear,
When I shall see His flaming sword
And banner in the air?

4 When by the trumpet's sound,
The dead to life shall come,
And all that slumber under ground,
Arise to meet their doom;
When time shall have an end,
And Jesus in a cloud
Shall with his angel host descend,
And with the trump of God.

5 O, Lord my crimes forgive;
May I but be forgiven,
And with the chosen me receive
When Thou shalt come from heaven;
Spare me, in mercy spare,
Wash me and make me clean,
And fit me for the time when here
I shall no more be seen.

534 L. M.

1 When converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing,
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Fain would they be with Christ above.

2 With admiration they behold,
The love of Christ that can't be told;
They view themselves upon the shore
And think the battle is all o'er.

3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are slain;
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is cast down to hell.

4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring—
Ring with melodious joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.

5 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel,

They think their former hopes are vain,
They're filled with sorrow, grief and pain.

6 O foolish child, why dost thou boast
In the enlargement of thy coast,
Why didst thou think to fly away,
Before thou leavest this feeble clay?

7 Come, take up arms and face the field,
Come, gird on harness, sword and shield,
Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,
And soon the victory you shall win.

535 C. M. *Kent.*

1 Ye sinsick souls dismiss your fears;
The halt, the blind, the lame,
Come touch the garments Jesus wears—
There's healing in the same.

2 Till sick of every other way,
You'll ne'er to Jesus go;
Whose words eternal life convey,
Whose wounds with pardon flow.

3 Surrounded with ten thousand cares,
And sad beyond degree,
Yet in this garment Jesus wears
There's healing still for thee.

4 Come stretch the withered hand to-day,
For Christ is passing by;
The case admits of no delay,
Unless ye touch ye die.

5 Could Jordan's stream at once remove
Naaman's foul disease?
Far greater virtue sinners prove
In Christ the Prince of Peace.

6 One touch of this celestial robe
Speaks pardon through the soul,
When sins more ponderous than the globe
Across the conscience roll.

6 Through every crowd to Jesus press
When sin torments thy mind;
Peace pard'ning blood and righteousness,
In His dear name you'll find.

536 IOS. 11S. *Wingrove*

1 Ye tempted and tried to Jesus draw nigh,
He suffered and died your wants to supply;
Trust him, for salvation you need not to grieve,
"There's no condemnation to them that believe."

2 By day and by night His love is made known—
It is His delight to succor His own;
He will have compassion; then why should you grieve?
"There's no condemnation to them that believe."

3 Though Satan will seek the sheep to annoy.
The helpless and weak He ne'er shall destroy;
Christ is their salvation, and strength He will give,
"There's no condemnation to them that believe."

537

1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Savior King-
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will you doubting stand—
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand—
Love can not die;

O, then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye!

538 L. M. *Watts.*

1 When strangers stand and hear me tell,
What beauties in my Savior dwell,
Where He is gone, they fain would know,
That they may seek and love Him too.

2 My best beloved keeps His throne
On hills of light in worlds unknown;
But He descends and shows His face
In the young gardens of His grace.

3 In vineyards planted by His hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engrossed my warmest love—
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in His heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.

5 He takes my soul e'er I'm aware,
And shows me where His glories are;
No chariot of Aminadab
The heavenly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell forever with my love.

539 L. M. *Fawcett.*

1 When God's own people stand in need,
His goodness will afford supplies;
Thus when Elijah faints for bread,
A raven to his succor flies.

2 At God's command with speedy wings.
The hungry bird resigns its prey;
And to the rev'rend prophet brings
The needful portion day by day.

3 This method may be counted strang
But happy was Elijah's lot;
For nature's course shall sooner change,
Than God's dear children be forgot.

4 This wonder oft has been renewed,
And saints by sweet experience find
Their evils overruled for good—
Their foes to friendly deeds inclined.

5 Who can distrust that mighty hand,
Which rules with universal sway;
Which nature's law can countermand,
Or feed us by a bird of prey?

540 L. M. *Duncan.*

1 Exhalted high at God's right hand,
Nearer the Throne than Cherub's stand,
With glory crowned, in white array,
My wondering soul says "who are they?"

2 These are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

3 Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
Their glories great and all divine;
Tell me their origin, and say
Their order what, and whence came they?

4 Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross and scorn'd the shame;
Within the living blest,
In God they dwell and on Him rest.

5 Hunger, they shall ne'er feel again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain;
To wells of living water led,
By God the lamb forever fed.

6 Jesus, the Savior is their theme;
They sing the wonders of His name;
To Him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

541 7s. *Leiand.*

1 Brethren, I am come again,
Let us join to pray and sing;
Joseph lives, and Jesus reigns—
Praise him in the highest strains.

2 Many days and years have past
Since we met together last;
Yet our lives do still remain;
Here on earth we meet again.

3 Many of our friends are gone
To their long eternal home;
We are waiting here below.
Soon we after them shall go.

4 Brethren, tell me how you do;
Does your love continue true?
Are you waiting for your King,
When he shall return again?

5 If you want to know of me,
How I am, or what I be;
Here I am, behold who will,
Sure I am a sinner still.

6 Weak and wounded, sick and lame,
All unholy, all unclean;
Worse and worse myself I see,
Yet the Lord remembers me.

542 7s.

1 Parted many a toil-spent year,
Pledg'd in youth to memr'y dear,
Still to friendship's magnet true,

We our social joys renew:
Bound by love's unsevered chain,
Here on earth we meet again.

2 But our bower, sunk by decay,
Wasting time has swept away,
And the youthful evergreen
Lopped by death, no more is seen;
Bleak the wind sweeps o'er the plain,
While here in age we meet again.

3 Many a friend we used to greet
Here on earth no more we meet;
Oft the funeral knell has rung;
Many a heart has sorrow stung
Since we parted on this plain,
While here in age we meet again.

4 Worn by toil and spent with years,
Soon w'ell quit this vale of tears,
And those hoary locks be laid
Low in cold oblivion's shade;
But where saints and angels reign
We all hope to meet again.

543

1 Come, all ye people of every nation
Come, listen awhile and I'll relate
The wonders of my sad condition
And how I traveled from that state.

2 I was born blind, to sin inclin'd,
As all the race of Adam were;
Full sixteen years I was delighted
In civil mirth, and void of fear.

3 One time I chanced to go to meeting
And heard a woman relating there
Her travel from her dreadful station,
And how she came the Lord to fear.

4 I saw, while she was thus relating,
The awful state that I was in;
I saw my soul was unconverted,
And always had been dead in sin.

5 Then I began to seek for pardon,
And cry to God my soul to save;
I left my ways of light diversion,
And then God's mercy I did crave.

6 One night, while thinking on the Savior,
And what He'd done for sinful man,
I thought myself was out of favor,
And ne'er His goodness should obtain.

7 Mount Sinai's thunder roar'd against me,
Not only for my outward sin,
But in my heart I saw a fountain
Which made my actions all unclean.

8 While thus I viewed the smoking mountain,
These words, with power, came unto me:

Sure Christ remembers Calvary's fountain,
Nor lets His saints forgettul be.

9 Oh, then by faith I felt I saw Him,
As hanging on the accursed tree,
Oh, then my soul was much uplifted,
I then believed He died for me.

10 Come, christians, join with me in praising
The blessed Lamb of Calvary;
I hope to praise Him while I'm living,
And after death, eternally.

544 C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes—
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome, each declining day,
And each revolving year.

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
Ye mortal pow'rs, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

545 C. M.

1 The time is swiftly rolling on,
When I must faint and die;
My body to the dust return
And there forgotten lie.

2 Let persecution rage around,
And anti-christ appear,
My silent dust, beneath the ground,
Will no disturbance hear.

3 Through heat and cold I've often went,
Through sorrow and distress,
To call poor sinners to repent,
And seek the Savior's face.

4 My brother preachers, boldly speak,
And stand on Zion's wall,
'T' revive the strong, confirm the weak,
And after sinners call.

5 My brother preachers fare you well,
Your fellowship I love;
In time no more I shall you see,
But soon we'll meet above.

6 My little children near my heart,
And nature seems to bind;
It grieves me sorely to depart,
And leave you all behind.

7 O Lord, a father to them be,
And keep them from all harm;
That they may love and worship Thee
And dwell upon Thy charms.

8 My loving wife, my bosom friend,
The object of my love,
The time's been sweet I've spent with you
My sweet and harmless dove.

9 My loving wife, don't grieve for me,
Neither lament nor mourn,
For I shall with my Jesus be,
When you are left alone.

10 How often have you looked for me,
And oft-times seen me come;
But now I must depart from thee
And never more return.

11 For I can never come to thee,
Let not this grieve your heart;
For you will shortly come to me,
Where we shall never part.

546 L. M.

1 'Tis my desire with God to walk,
And with His children pray and talk;
Although I persecuted be,
Yet Jesus suffered so for me.

2 'Tis my desire above the rest,
To lean my head on Jesus' breast;
To be baptized, like Christ, my King,
And yield to Him in every thing.

3 'Tis my desire, around the board
To meet Thy saints, my dearest Lord;
In union with Thy saints to be,
And oft commune with them and Thee.

4 'Tis my desire His saints to meet,
To wash the dear disciples' feet;
And serve them, as my dearest Lord
Has taught me in His blessed word.

547

1 Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go,
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherished have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,

Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear;
Rings with the harmony, heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low;
Strike, King of Terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

548 11s.

1 Come, brethren and sisters, that love my dear Lord,
I pray give attention and list to my word:
What a wonder of mercy! behold now I see
What a tender, kind Savior has done for poor me.

2 I was led by the devil, till, lost and distressed,
I thought that in torment I soon should be cast;

No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 "O, sinners," said Jesus, "for you I have died;"
All glory to Jesus my soul then replied;
The guilt was removed, my soul did rejoice,
The blood was applied, the witnessing voice.

4 On my bended knees before God I did fall;
All glory to Jesus for He's all-in-all!
The heart of this rebel was bursted in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace upon earth;
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth;
"Your sins are forgiven," my Savior did say,
O, witness, kind heaven, on this my birth-day.

6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground;
The time of refreshing at length I have found;
O, Lord, Thou hast ravished my soul with Thy charms,
Let me die, like old Simeon, with Christ in my arms.

549 8s. 7s.

1 When I was young, of tender years,
My Savior did invite me;
I then was filled with many fears,
But Satan still did blind me.
He told me that I was too young
To leave my earthly pleasure;
That I might live till I was old,
And serve God at my leisure.

2 At length the Spirit came one day
And strove with mighty power,
Which caused me to forsake my way
And tremble every hour;
Which caused me to weep and mourn,
Saying, Lord Jesus save me,
If mercy Thou canst me afford,
And to Thy glory raise me.

3 When Jesus heard the rebel cry
He sent His kind compassion;
Down at His feet my soul did lie,
There pleading for a blessing.
My heart was filled with tenderness,
My mouth was filled with praises,
While Abba, Father, I did cry,
And glory to my Savior.

550

1 Young people all, in blooming days,
Hear what your Lord and Savior says:
Now is the time to seek My face,
And to receive My gospel grace.

2 Come, you that mourn, lament and weep,
Who long to be among My sheep;
'Tis My delight to set you free
From sin and death and misery,

3 Poor broken hearts, why do you mourn,
Like, to some lonesome dove, forlorn!
I am your Savior, come, rejoice,
I bore your sins upon the cross.

4 Forsake this world and all its fame,
Take up the cross, despise the shame,
And now pursue the living way
That leads to everlasting day.

551 11s.

1 I'm a little scholar, I daily go to school,
To learn of Master Jesus, his perfect, holy rule;
The scholars all do love Him, He is so kind and free;
Come all ye careless sinners, and go to school with me.

2 I am a little christian, the Lord hath made me so,
All o'er a new creature, what wonders can He do;
I love the things I hated, I hate the things I loved;
My Master is preparing me, to reign with Him above.

3 I am a little preacher, I preach the gospel free,
Whate'er my Master gives me, I give it all away;
And when my heart is empty, I go to Master's store;
He smiles in love upon me, and gives me all the more.

4 I am a little poet, I wrote this little song,
And oft'times it doth cheer me, when I am all alone;
And if there is another, who would wish to learn the same,
I pray the Lord to set their souls, all in a heavenly flame.

552 L. M. *Watts*

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied—
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on His word.

553

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight.
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

554 P. M.

1 What wondrous love is this, O, my soul?
What wondrous love is this that caused the
Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul?

2 When I was sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down beneath God's
righteous frown,
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul.

3 Ye winged seraphs, fly, bear the news,
Ye winged seraphs, fly, like comets through
the sky,
Fill vast eternity with the news.

4 To God and to the Lamb I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb, and to the Great
I am,
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

5 Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise,
Ye sons of Zion's King, with hearts and
voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string in His praise.

555

1 Come, all you young people, of every rela-
tion,
Come listen awhile, and to you I will tell
How I was first called to seek for salvation
In Jesus' blood, that redeemed me from hell

2 I was not past sixteen when I was first called
To think of my soul and the state it was in;
I saw I was standing at a distance from Jesus;
Betwixt Him and me was a mountain of sin.

3 The devil perceived that I was convinced,
He strove to persuade me that I was too young;
He said I'd get wearied before my day ended,
And wish that I had not so early begun.

4 Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus was partial
When He was a-setting of poor sinners free;
That I was forgotten, and left out like Esau,
And there was no mercy at all for poor me

5 But while I was mourning in sad lamentation,
My soul overwhelmed in sorrow and grief,
He drew near in mercy, looked on me in pity,
He pardoned my sins and gave me relief.

6 And now I've found favor with my dear Savior,
And all His commands I am bound to obey;

I trust He will save me from all satan's power,
'Till He shall see cause to call me away.

7 All glory to Jesus, His love's not confined
To princes nor people of noble degree;
His mercy is boundless to all human kind;
And none of the poor sent empty away.

8 He died for poor sinners; if I can't persuade you
To leave off your folly and go with a friend,
I will follow my Savior in whom I found favor;
All my days, to His glory I am bound for to spend.

556 C. M.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

5 And palm's shall wave, and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing
That lives no more to die.

6 Oh, precious cross! Oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down
And bear my soul away.

557 L. M.

1 'Tis midnight! and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lofty shone;
'Tis midnight! in the garden now
The suffering Savior prays alone

2 'Tis midnight! and from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that He loved,
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears

3 'Tis midnight! and for other's guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood.
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight! from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

558 C. M.

1 How vain are all things here below;
How false, and yet how fair;
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense;
Thither the warm affections move.
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Savior, let Thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away,
From all created good.

559 8s. 6s.

1 Sweet rivers of redeeming love
Lie just before my eye.
Had I the pinions of a dove
I'd to those regions fly.
I'd rise superior to my pain—
With joy outstrip the wind;
I'd cross death's cold and stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

2 While I'm in prison here below,
In anguish, pain and smart,
Ofttimes those troubles I forego
When love surrounds my heart.
In darkest shadows of the night
Faith mounts the upper sky;
I there behold my heart's delight,
And would rejoice to die.

3 I view the monster death and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;
Though satan rages all the while
I still the triumph sing;
I hold my Savior in my arms,
And will not let Him go;
I'm so delighted with His charms
No other good I know.

4 A few more days, or years at most,
My trials will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host
On that eternal shore;

My raptured soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea;
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is ravishing to me.

5 O, come, my Savior, come away,
And bear me through the sky,
Nor let Thy chariot wheels delay—
Make haste and bring it nigh;
I hope to see Thy glorious face
And in Thy image shine,
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever Thine.

560 L. M.

1 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home;
My Savior smiles and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

2 I'm glad that I am born to die;
From grief and woe my soul shall fly.
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

3 I'll praise my Master while I've breath,
I hope to praise Him after death;
I hope to praise Him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

4 I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in His arms I'll lose my breath;
And then my happy soul shall tell
My Jesus hath done all things well.

5 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake, ye nations underground!
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds.

6 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise Him in His bright abode;
My theme in blest eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

561 L. M.

1 There was an hour when Christ rejoiced,
And spoke His joy in words of praise;
Father, I thank Thee, mighty God,
Lord of the heavens and earth and seas.

2 I thank Thy sovereign power and love,
That crowns my doctrine with success;
And makes the babes in knowledge learn
The hights, and breadths and lengths
of grace.

3 But all this glory lies concealed
From men of prudence and of might;
The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
And their own pride resists the light.

4 Father, 'tis thus, because Thy will
Chose and ordained it should be so;
'Tis Thy delight t' abase the proud,
And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 There's none can know the Father's right
But those who learn it from the Son;
Nor can the Son be well received,
But where the Father makes Him known.

6 Then let our souls adore our God,
Who deals His graces as He please;
Nor give to mortals an account
Of His actions or decrees.

562 11s.

1 Though faint, yet pursuing we go on our way;
The Lord is our leader, His word is our stay;
Though suffering and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint,
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint,
The way may be weary and thorny the road,
But how can we falter, our help is in God.

563 8s. 5s.

1 Pass me not, O gentle Savior,
Hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.
CHORUS: Savior, Savior, hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not *pass me* by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou, the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee!
Whom in heaven but Thee?

564 L. M. *Watts.*

1 God is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream Thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth and armed with power.

565 L. M. *Kent*

1 On Zion's glorious summit stood
A numerous host, redeemed by blood;
They hymned their King in strains divine—
I heard their song and strove to join.

2 Here all who suffered sword and flame
For truth or Jesus' holy name
Shout victory now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I am.

3 While everlasting ages roll
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss forever new
Rise in succession to their view,

4 O, sweet employ! to sing and trace
Th' amazing hights and depths of grace,
And dwell from sin and sorrow free
In blissful vast eternity.

5 O, what a sweet, exalted song—
When every tribe and every tongue,
Redeemed by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there.

6 My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow the chief of sinners there.

566 C. M.

1 If duty calls, and suffering, too,
My Lord! I'd follow Thee;
As Thou hast done so would I do;
As Thou art, would I be.

2 With zeal inflamed, 'twas Thy delight
To do Thy Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfill.

3 Meekness, humility and love,
Did through Thy conduct shine;
Oh, may my whole deportment prove,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

4 Depending on Thy sovereign grace,
I'll tread the heavenly road,
With willing mind, Thy footsteps trace,
And climb to Thine abode.

567

1 Nothing, either great or small,
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died and paid it all—
Yes, all the debt I owe.

2 When He from His lofty throne,
Stooped down to do and die,
Everything was fully done;
Yes, "finished," was His cry.

3 Weary, working, plodding one,
O, Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your "doing;" all was done,
Yes, ages long ago.

4 Till to Jesus, work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
All "doing" ends in death.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down, all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him—in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.

568 S. M. *Watts.*

1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy to call Thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste Thy love divine.

2 For life without Thy love,
No relief can afford;
No joy can be compared with this—
To serve and praise the Lord.

3 In wakeful hours of the night,
I call my God to mind,
I think how wise Thy councils are,
And all Thy dealings kind.

4 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies,
And on Thy watchful providence,
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of Thy wings,
My soul in safety keep,
I follow where my Father leads,
And He supports my steps.

569 C. M.

1 O, Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 Whene'er on my poor burdened heart
My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way
To shake my faith in Thee;
O, give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me.

4 When in desertion's dismal night,
Thy face I can not see,
Then, Lord, arise with glorious light,
And still remember me.

5 The hour is near—consigned to death,
I own Thy just decree;
Savior, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, remember me.

570 C. M.

1 Sinners, this solemn truth regard,
Hear, all ye sons of men,
In Christ the Savior hath declared,
Ye must be born again.

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God:
Ye must be born again.

3 Our nature's totally depraved—
The heart's a sink of sin;
Without a change we can't be saved;
Ye must be born again.

4 Spirit of life, Thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,
That we are born again.

5 Dear Savior, let us now begin
To trust and love Thy word,
And by forsaking every sin,
Prove we are born of God.

571 S. M. *Vanmeter*

1 Behold what wondrous love
The Father hath bestowed
Upon us sinners, that we should
Be called the sons of God.

2 It doth not yet appear,
How great the saints shall be;
But when the archangel's trump we hear,
We shall our Savior see.

3 Then shall we all awake,
And in His likeness shine;

Be satisfied when we partake
Of glories so divine.

4 These bodies that are sown
In weakness, He shall raise
In power, and fashion like His own,
And we shall sing His praise.

5 Enough, my soul replies,
His goodness I'll adore;
Since I shall in His likeness rise,
I can desire no more.

572 L. M.

1 We've no abiding city here,
This may distress the worldling's mind
But should not cost the saints a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 We've no abiding city here—
Sad truth were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

3 We've no abiding city here—
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 We've no abiding city here—
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name—we'll soon be there—
It shines with everlasting light.

5 Zion—Jehovah is her strength;
Secure she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travelers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

6 O, sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil, are blest;
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to Thee and be at rest.

7 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine,
The time my God appoints is best;
While here to do His will be mine,
And His to fix my time of rest.

1573 7s.

1 Holy Jesus, lovely Lamb,
Thine, and only Thine, I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only Thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my dearest object be,
Let me ever cleave to Thee;
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give Thee all my heart.

3 Whom have I on earth below?
Only Thee I wish to know;
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

4 All my treasure is above;
My best portion is Thy love;
Who the worth of love can tell,
Infinite, unsearchable?

5 Nothing else may I require,
Let me Thee alone desire;
Pleased with what Thy love provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

574 C. M.

1 Prayer is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To Him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant can not fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

575 L. M.

1 The worth of truth no tongue can tell;
'Twill do to buy, but not to sell;
A large estate that soul has got
Who buys the truth and sells it not.

2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair;
More rich than pearls and rubies are;
More rich than gold or silver coin;
O, may it always on us shine!

3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free,
And sets the souls at liberty
From sin and satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 A freedom they enjoy indeed
That doth all freedom else exceed;
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know.

5 O, happy they who in their youth
Are brought to know and love the truth;
For none but those whom truth makes free
Can e'er enjoy true liberty.

6 Truth, like a girdle, let us wear,
And always keep it clean and fair;
And never let it once be told
That truth by us was ever sold

576

1 I need Thee, precious Jesus, for I am full of sin,
My soul is dark and guilty, my heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain, where I can always flee—
The blood of Christ most precious, the sinner's only plea.
I need Thee, I need Thee, I need Thee.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus, for I am very poor,
A stranger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly store,
I need the love of Jesus to cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps, to be my strength and stay.
I need Thee, I need Thee, I need Thee.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus, I need a friend like Thee;
A friend to soothe and sympathize, a friend to care for me;
I need the heart of Jesus, to feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble, and all my sorrows share.
I need Thee, I need Thee, I need Thee.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus, for I am very blind;
A weak and foolish wanderer, with dark and evil mind;
I need Thy cheering presence to tread the thorny road,
To guide me safe to glory, to bring me home to God.
I need Thee, I need Thee, I need Thee.

577 P. M. 7s. 6s.

1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty loose its charms;
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
But the christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's aloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

578 8s.

1 The angels that watched round the tomb
Where, lo! the Redeemer was laid;
When deep in mortality's gloom,
He hid for a season His head.

2 That veiled their face while He slept,
And ceased their sweet harps to employ,
Have witnessed His rising, and swept
The chords with the triumph of joy.

3 You saints who once languished below,
But long since have entered your rest,
I pant to be glorified, too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast.

4 The grave in which Jesus was laid,
Has buried my guilt and my fears,
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of His presence appears.

5 O, sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done;
The blush that spreads over its west
The last ling'ring ray of its sun.

6 Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

7 Then welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heart-strings shall break,
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek.

8 No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave,
The sunbeam of life as it sets.
Leaves a halo of peace in the grave.

579 8s 7s.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
CHORUS—For O! we stand, on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore,
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, come, and there's our home
Forever, O, forever!

580 L. M.

1 Time speeds away, away, away,
Another hour, another day;
Another month, another year,
Drop from us like the leafless sear;
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts,
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

2 Time speeds away, away, away,
Like torrent in the stormy day;
He undermines the stately tower.
Uproots the tree and snaps the flower,
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved, the friends that blessed,
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

3 Time speeds away, away, away;
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee,
So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steed, from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age;
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.

581

1 Pilgrim, is thy journey drear,
Are its lights extinct forever?
Still suppress the rising fear;
God forsakes the righteous never!
Never, never! No, never!

2 Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life may sever,
Still, amid the fear of death,
God forsakes the righteous never!
Never, never! No, never!

3 Pain may rack the wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch forever,
Faith still burns with deathless flame,
God forsakes the righteous never!
Never, never. No, never!

4 Earthly joys may all decline
At the mandate of the Giver,
Yet why shouldst thou e'er repine?
God forsakes the righteous never!
Never, never. No, never!

5 When thy final hour shall come,
Dark will be death's fearful river;
But a voice dispels the gloom,
God forsakes the righteous never!
Never, never! No, never!

582 8s. 6s.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, I fall in death,
And loose this mortal, fleeting breath;
But to that bright, celestial rest,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am I'll not be there,
But in Thy blessed image share,

I'll mount above each mortal care,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am I'll be no more
When I have gained that blissful shore,
I'll sing Thy praise forevermore,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

583

1 Away from his home and the friends of his youth,
He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth;
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost,
Soon, alas! was his fall, but he died at his post.

2 The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
Far in arder he led in the van of the host,
And fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done;
The battle was fought, and the victory won;
But he whispered of those whom his heart clung to most,
"Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post."

He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse:

But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5 Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He has passed o'er the stream, and has reached the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.
6 And can we the words of his exit forget?
Oh, no! they are fresh in our memory yet;
An example so brilliant shall never be lost;
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

584 11s. 8s.

1 I came to the spot where the white pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by his tomb;
When in a low whisper I heard something say,
How sweetly I sleep here alone.

2 The tempest may howl and the loud thunders roll,
And gathering storms may arise;
Yet calm are my feelings—at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

3 The love of my Savior influenced me here,
I bade my companions farewell;
I left my dear children, who now for me mourn,
In a far distant region to dwell.

4 But when among strangers and far from my
home,
No kind hand or relation was nigh;
It met the contagion and sank in the tomb,
My spirit to mansions on high.

5 Go tell my companion and children most dear
To weep not for me though I'm gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes
dark and drear,
Has kindly conducted me home.

585 P. M.

1 A few more days on earth to spend,
And all my toils and cares shall end;
Then I shall see my God and Friend,
And praise His name on high.
O, happy day! O, joyful hour!
When free from earth, my soul shall tower
Beyond the reach of satan's power,
To be forever blest.

2 My soul anticipates the day,
I'd joyfully the call obey,
Which summons my soul away,
To seats prepared above.
There I shall see my Savior's face,
And dwell in His beloved embrace,
And taste the fullness of His grace,
And sing redeeming love.

3 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's black billows roll before.
Yet still, by faith, I see the shore
Beyond the rolling flood;
The heavenly Canaan, sweet and fair
Beyond my ravished eyes appear,
And makes me almost think I'm there
In yonder bright abode.

4 To earthly cares I'd say farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise the eternal Three.
I'll join with them that's gone before,
Who sing and shout, their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting is no more,
To all eternity.

586 L. M. *Newton.*

1 When Peter through the tedious night
Had often cast his net in vain,
Soon as the Lord appeared in sight
He gladly let it down again.

2 Once more the gospel net is cast—
Do Thou, O, Lord, the effort own;
We learn from disappointments past
To rest our hope on Thee alone.

3 May this be a much favored hour
To souls for whom the Savior bled;
O, clothe Thy word with sovereign power—
To Jesus may such souls be led.

4 Have mercy on our numerous youth
Who, young in years, are old in sin,
And by Thy spirit and Thy truth
Show them the state their souls are in.

5 Then Christ, the Savior's, matchless love
To every wounded heart revealed,
Temptations, fears, and guilt remove,
And be their sun, their strength and shield.

6 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restored,
And all Thy saints in praises join.

7 O, hear our prayer, and give us hope
That when Thy voice shall call us home
Thou still will raise a people up
To love and praise Thee in our room.

587 S. M. *Hammond.*

1 Awake and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of His saving love,
Sing of His rising power,
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
  Ye blessed children come;
Soon will He call us hence away
  To our immortal home.

588 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Blest are the souls that hear and know
  The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
  And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
  Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hopes,
  Nor satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defense,
  Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
  Thy God forever lives.

589 12s. 11s.

1 How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
  Of youthful emotion and innocent joy;
When blest with parental advice and affection,
  Surrounded with mercy and peace from on high.
I still view the chairs of my father and mother,
  The seats of their offspring, as ranged on each hand,
And the richest of books, which excels every other.

The family bible that lay on the stand.
CHORUS—The old-fashioned bible, the dear, blessed bible,
The family bible that lay on the stand.

2 The bible, that volume of God's inspiration,
At morning and evening would yield us delight;
The prayers of our father, a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety by night.
Oh, hymns of thanksgiving, with harmonious sweetness,
As warmed by the hearts of the family band.
Hath raised us from earth to that rupturous dwelling,
Described in the bible that lay on the stand.

3 Ye scenes of enjoyment, long have we been parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander alone on a far-distant shore.
O, why should I doubt a Savior's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from His bountiful hand?
O, let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the bible that lay on the stand.

4 Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,
I'll flee to the bible and trust in the Lord;
Though darkness should cover His merciful dealings,

My soul is still cheered by His heaven.y word
And now from things earthly my soul is re-
moving;
I shall soon be in glory with heaven's bright
band,
And in rapture of joy be forever adoring
The God of the bible that lay on the stand.

590 L. M. *Burnham.*

1 How good, how glorious 'tis to see
The church of Jesus kind and free,
Appearing like a new-born race,
Proving the pow'r of sov'reign grace.

2 How does the Savior's love cement
Brother to brother, saint to saint;
Each feels the other's care and grief,
And runs to give a kind relief.

3 In paths of peace they sweetly move,
And traverse o'er the fields of love;
Kindly they help each other on,
And press toward the heavenly throne.

4 Now, Lord, may we Thy favor'd train
Ever in purest love remain;
May discord evermore subside,
And we appear like Jesus' bride.

591 L. M *Burnham.*

1 First have these lovers of the Word
Yielded their souls to Christ, the Lord;
Now to the church themselves they give,
Now to the Savior may they live.

2 Lord, may these honored saints of Thine
Ever upon Thy breast recline;
Thy name revere, Thy word obey,
And O, forever watch and pray.

3 May they continue in Thy ways,
Delight to pray—delight to praise;
May they with us abide in love,
And shortly soar to realms above.

592 L. M. *Ware*

1 Brother in Christ, and well beloved,
To Jesus and His servants dear,
Enter, and show thyself approved,
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth! Lo, the right hand
Of fellowship, to thee we give;
With open arms and hearts, we stand,
And thee, in Jesus' name, receive.

3 Say, is thy heart resolved as ours?
Then let it burn with sacred love;
Then let it taste the heavenly powers,
Partakers of the joys above.

593 S. M.

1 And will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven before His face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread.

4 Come sinners, seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye can not bear;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.

594 L. M. *J. A. Thompson.*

1 Come, saints, and tell us of your hope,
How Jesus bears your spirits up;
Amid temptations, doubts and foes
How grace affords you sweet repose.

2 Will not our blessed Savior, still
Faithful to His Father's will,
Be your defense and hiding place,
And make you triumph in His grace?

3 Yes, stronger than a mother's love
Does that of Jesus ever prove;
Nor death itself (He bore its pain)
Shall serve to sever you in twain.

4 Then let us here in union meet
And worship at the mercy seat;
Together sing, together pray,
And tell of joys that ne'er decay.

MINISTER'S ADVICE TO HIS CHILDREN.

595 C. M.

1 Dear children, when you read these lines.
May love possess your hearts,
May you, like Mary, humbly choose
That good and better part.

2 May you be guided by God's word,
To love and fear His name;
Who bore your sins, if heirs with him,
When on Mount Calvary slain.

3 O, do not slight His blessed word,
As many sinners do,
But pray to Him to guide and keep
Your souls from pain and woe.

4 If you should die in love with sin,
Dreadful your doom will be,
Banished from God and all His saints,
To all eternity.

5 But Jesus waits with grace that's free,
And gives it to the poor;
O, humbly seek that you may drink,
And live forever more.

DOXOLOGIES.

596 L. M. *Kent.*

1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

597 L. M. *Watts.*

1 All glory to Thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love,
Thus we exalt our Lord the Lamb,
And praise the Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

598 C. M. *Watts*

1 Now let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

599 7s.

1 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

600 C. M. *Watts.*

1 Hosanna to the Prince of Grace—
Zion, behold thy King,
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosannas to the incarnate word
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on His name.

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